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CHARACTERISTICS OF CIVILIZATION.

In 1819, Kamehameha the Great, King of Hawai, and of that group of islands known to us as the Sandwich Islands, died, after a life of indefatigable action, and a career of glory unexampled in the simple annals of that country. A Council of the Chiefs assembled at Honolulu to determine what were the most appropriate honors which could be paid to his mortal remains, and an aged warrior gravely proposed that the Cabinet should eat him raw. This event happened the year before the arrival of the Christian Missionaries at that Island, and we presume most of our readers will agree in the sentiment that such a proposal could have been made only in a barbarous condition of life.

No subject in the world presents so many difficulties as Civilization. When once started, it appears easy enough; but the difficulty meets us at the outset—What is Civilization?

One cause of the difficulty lies in the vague conception which we attach to the word. It is in everybody's mouth—used on all occa-

sions, and yet presents to our minds nothing definite. Every one has an arbitrary standard, and condemns every thing which either falls below or rises above it. It is not certain that we have any word which is the contrary of civilization. Some oppose to it barbarism, others savagism. The latter may be adopted as its contrary, and this only when taken in its strictly etymological signification. The term barbarism is as unsatisfactory and as vague as is civilization. We can hardly presume to venture on a definition; yet without one we must be grovelling in chaotic uncertainty throughout the whole of this discussion. Some of our compilers of school geographies have classified mankind as savage, barbarous, semi-civilized, civilized, and enlightened. The extremes may be easily enough understood, but great difficulty must be experienced in fixing the status of those who occupy intermediate positions. It would be wise, perhaps, to dismiss altogether the middle terms, and to regard all mankind as either savage or civilized, and to consider the latter in

their various stages of progress.—Civilization implies the development of a civil state, and the possession of those virtues and those habits which qualify men for living together in cities. The existence of a town, not a hamlet or wigwam, but a municipality, is the test of civilization,—the entire absence of one, the unerring proof of savagism.

This definition may possibly reduce the savage to the woods of America—it leaves the African on the outskirts of civilization, and leaves doubtful even the position of the respectable warrior of Hawai, whose affectionate proposal ushered in this essay.

But I have sought in vain for some more satisfactory test. No people have yet been found who had not some vague notion of a sort of political or social connection with others of the same tribe, family, or nation. The political or family test is therefore too universal to constitute an essential characteristic. But men have been frequently discovered strangers to the notion of a community, whose basis is mutual protection, and whose bond is diversity in a community of interest. A mere community of interest may, in every condition of humanity, assemble men together for a longer or shorter period;—it is the diversity in a community of interest which peoples our towns and binds our people together for the preservation of the civil state.

Beyond this fundamental fact, the existence of a city, the developments of civilization are so various that the attempt to adopt any other standard must result in dogmatism and uncertainty. This fact is lost sight of by those who consider the development of civilization to be necessarily uniform.—Such persons consider their own country the standard of a civilized

state, and condemn every other development which does not conform to it; whereas there are as many developments of civilization as there are races of men, and it would be no more reasonable to expect all men to conform to a certain standard of civilization, than to expect that all should speak the same language or possess the same religion.

A little reflection upon the virtues which are chiefly necessary to the maintenance of order in a civil state, as represented by the existence of a city, will go far towards convincing us of the justice of adopting this standard as the test of civilization. The principal of these are female chastity, manly courage, honesty and fidelity. We do not, of course, suppose that these exist universally; but that they are for the most part, recognized, honored, and practiced. The absence of any of these is the harbinger of anarchy; without female chastity there could be no family bond—without manly courage, no security of life. The civilized man meets his enemy face to face; the savage treacherously lays in ambush for him.

In the beginning of the fifteenth century, when the last remnant of the Byzantine Empire was tottering to its fall, among the embassies sent by the Emperor to Western Europe to implore Latin Christendom to come to the aid of its Grecian sister, the historian Chalcocondylas visited the Courts of Germany, France and England. On his return to Constantinople, he edified the refined inhabitants of that capital with an account of his travels among the Western barbarians.—He was particularly struck, in England, with their disregard of conjugal honor and of female chastity. In their mutual visits, he says, as their first act of hospitality, the guest is welcomed in the embraces

of their wives and daughters.—Among friends they are lent and borrowed without shame; nor are the islanders offended at this strange commerce and its inevitable consequences.

We have introduced to your notice this report of English manners and customs, by an intelligent and perhaps faithful eye-witness, for the purpose of giving you a hint as to the real value of the surprising discoveries, made by travelers, of the habits, customs and manners of the people of a foreign land. A man who is really incapable of describing the points of difference between the two churches in his parish, has no hesitation in describing the moral and religious philosophy of a people whom he has hardly seen, and with whose language he is imperfectly acquainted. He sees something which is new to him, and he instantly imagines an explanation; and two to one he will find somebody who will convince him that his explanation is the true one. We see just what we expect to see; and whatever differs from our preconceived notions of right must be wrong, perhaps criminal. Our Greek historian might have been an honest and painstaking reporter—but we know that he has made a false report. He was accustomed to the seclusion of female life in the East; and he could not comprehend that the female sex could, without crime, enjoy freely the pleasures of society.—Hence the pleasant, innocent and wholesome gossiping of our virtuous and most respectable grandmothers, was, by his prurient imagination, converted into a base exchange of wives, and an infamous prostitution of daughters.

The civilization of a people depends upon a variety of circumstances. Nature asserts her influence, not only in the condition of

soil, climate and country, but also in the physical and moral peculiarity of race. We naturally expect to find life exhibiting, in the great pasture lands of Central Asia, phases according with the habits which the natural condition of the country would indicate to be necessary. The physical organization of the Chinese differs, as well as his civilization, from those of his Hindoo neighbour. Let no one rashly condemn the civilization of either. As it is, so, it may be supposed, it ought to be. The Chinese would doubtless suffer as much from the restraint of Caucasian civilization, as the European would, were he doomed to submit to the fetters of that of the Chinese. In agricultural countries, men congregate together in densely crowded cities; in the great pasture plains of Central Asia, the cities seem to be the types of their whole country,—the walls enclose the palaces of the kings, and also the tent of the shepherd.

Nor is it only the great features of our life which are affected by natural causes; there are not wanting causes, less perceptible, which give a permanent tone to national character. When we compare the European with the Asiatic, they differ so widely, and in so many respects, that no one fails to perceive that they are respectively the representatives of two great classes of mankind; but when we examine the individual groups that compose either of these classes, we find them distinguished by traits of character, if not so palpable, far more interesting. The territory of ancient Greece, not so extensive as a third rate State of our Union, with a population which, to the casual observer, was homogenous, and which acknowledged a common parentage as a common bond, presented in its limited area a perfect microcosm.

Here was the conservative Dorian—proud of his race, of his family, of his nobility; domestic, fond of his wife, his children, his home; religious, attached to his gods; superstitious, believing in omens and oracles; an aristocrat, impatient of a despot's rule, intolerant of every claimant of citizenship who could not show his Doric blood; bold and pugnacious, but rather in self-defence than in adventures; non chivalric, non-commercial, selfish, unlettered, and a despiser of the arts which embellish and refine humanity; jealous of despotism, yet so attached to his exclusive right to rule as to endure the most galling kind of tyranny patiently, for the purpose of maintaining the supremacy of his caste; jealous of strangers, and yet withal consenting to call in the services even of a slave to prevent the extinction of a privileged family.

In close proximity is his cousin, the Ionian, in every respect his opposite—gay, lively, impetuous, rejoicing in life; vain, yet proud; a republican, a democrat, an obedient subject of a despot; careless of domestic ties, preferring a mistress with whom he might live joyfully, to a wife, the perpetual memento of the cares of life; active, enterprising, adventurous; industrious, eager after gain, liberal in enjoyment; warlike, an unscrupulous violator of the rights of others; chivalrous, eager after war; a scholar, a philosopher, and a passionate admirer of all the arts which contribute to the adornment of life. And these are but two of the several types which, in that limited territory, developed each for itself its peculiar and appropriate civilization. Can any of us even pretend to determine which of these was the more desirable? Doubtless each of us may determine for himself, but it is cer-

tain that the Athenian and the Spartan would alike have pined after the civilization of his home, had his hard destiny condemned either to a permanent residence among his cousins.

And if in a space so narrow, occupied by kindred races and speaking the same language, we find such varied developments of civilization, what reason is there for surprise when we find on the whole face of Europe—an almost endless variety? And who dare say that one is more or better civilized than another. Mutual antagonisms appear to exist which seem almost instinctive. The world has not yet learned to contemplate with apathy the *entite cordiale* of the French and the English, so contrary to all the teachings of history and of nature. In vain did politicians strive to form a single kingdom of the Low Countries—the natural antagonism of races, which had severed the Provinces in the time of Philip the Second, proved alike powerful against the will of the statesmen of the nineteenth century. The French will not enjoy the civil and political liberty which are the boast and the birth-right of the English; and while all Christendom weeps over the unhappy lot of the Pole, he submits quietly to the despotism of the Russian autocrat. In all these countries we find intelligence, wealth, refinement, religion, mental and physical activity. No one can set up, in any respect, a fair claim to preëminence over the others. If one excels in any department of art, literature, science, enterprise, or virtue, that excellence is counterbalanced by some defect in another; and so nicely is the system of compensations carried out, that a patriot in each country, may, without violating the moral sense of his countrymen, claim for them

the first place among European races. And we have no doubt that every one would be able to point out some special feature in the civilization of the others, which would, to his notions, be an insuperable objection to its adoption. Let us always bear this in mind, and judge with modesty when we undertake to determine the civilization of others.

The remarks which have been just made in reference to contemporary civilization, may be extended to the successive developments of civilization in the same country. When we read the history of the Middle Ages, we are apt to fancy a set of men, rude and uncouth, lawless and uncivilized; we fancy them just emerging from savage life, without refinement, without art, without any of the appliances which soften, embellish, and adorn life. Our preconceptions have moulded all of our sentiments; and we apply the term barbarous even to their language. We find their Latin, under the influence of their wants, and their civilization, greatly changed from that which was made classical by the writers of the Augustan age; and true to our narrow principle of judging of every thing by an arbitrary standard, we stigmatize as barbarous the language of men who were as far superior to the best men of the Augustan age, as the Latin of the Augustan age is considered superior to the humblest production of the darkest period of that age which we arrogantly call dark.

When, however, we study the history of Europe from any epoch since the Saxon conquest of England, we find no traces of retrogression in any of the characteristics of civilization. In spite of the wars which, from time to time desolated these countries, we invariably find a generally advancing

tendency of the mind. Suetonius doubtless wrote a more polite Latin than Eginhard; but the character of Augustus, as depicted by the former, will suffer in comparison with the Charlemagne whose life forms the subject of the latter's labors. Men may indeed have deplored then, as they do even now, some ideal good old time; but that good old time always ascends further and further into antiquity, as we endeavor to reach it; and we are forced to the conclusion that it is the general complaint of every age and every country, of every family and every man—a spontaneous testimony to the insufficiency of temporal enjoyments; and a morbid anxiety to cast the blame of our unhappiness on every one beside ourselves.

It is an illustration of the truth of this position, that the province of Neustria, in the 10th century, after it had been conquered by the Normans, was the best governed and the most civilized portion of Western Europe; and it is very remarkable that while all historians bear testimony to this fact, they have all failed to draw the necessary inference, that Rollo and his companions could not have been barbarians.

We do not wish to be misunderstood, or supposed to be amusing you with paradoxes. That the people of those ages were rude in comparison with ourselves, we think very probable; but this does not constitute barbarianism. They had all the virtues of civilization, dashed with many of the vices which are characteristic, not so much of barbarism as of revolution; or to speak more properly, of reconstruction. And this leads us to consider the history of Modern Civilization.

We observed at the commence-

ment of this essay, that civilization implies female chastity and manly trust, honesty and courage. Such were the characteristics of the old Roman Republic, until the empire had begun to spread over half of Europe and a large portion of Asia and Africa. Having fulfilled her glorious destiny, that of asserting the supremacy of the Japetic face, Rome became effete; the seeds of her decay were planted whilst in the full course of her glory; and by the time of Augustus, the elements of dissolution, social, political, and moral, had taken root in the heart of the empire.

Marriage was rare among men, and the efforts of Augustus were unavailingly devoted to the revival of that ancient and divine institution. But the powers even of a despot are limited, and the women themselves were as unwilling to submit to the hard conditions of an ancient and honored wife, as the men were to exchange the pleasures of an irregular and unholy cohabitation for the chaste enjoyments of a legal connubium. Here then we have corruption in the very heart of society; and with female virtue, all true manliness disappeared? Henceforth Rome barely sustained herself. Her history becomes little better than the recital of crime; and if occasionally an illustrious example of virtue arises to relieve the darkness of the scene, a black shadow of domestic disgrace, as in the case of Marcus Aurelius, too often hovers about it, and seems but to heighten the picture of desolation which it was calculated to relieve. The doom of the great empire was sealed. In vain came Christianity. She brought her blessing of healing to the lost sinner who fled to her for consolation, but she infused no new spirit into the heart of the tottering state. The Christian emperors

were as vicious as their pagan predecessors. The Roman heart was rotten to the core, and nothing but the infusion of a new civilization could again impart energy to this once proud and powerful Japetic branch of the Caucasian family.

We may be permitted to mourn over the decay of the Roman character, but one reads history with little edification who grieves over the destruction of the Western Empire by the Goths. Rome had reached the point of extreme development. With the conquests of Cæsar she had almost completed her mission; and from the peace of Actium her career was an almost uninterrupted one of retrogression. If left to herself she would have relapsed into barbarism. The advent of the Goth was not only a necessity, it was a positive blessing; and hardship and suffering were the immediate but the inevitable consequences of a long career of sin, of folly, and of crime.

The Goths were no barbarians. Two sets of facts sufficiently prove this. First, that long before they had become a power in the state, persons of that nation had found their way into the empire, and were distinguished for their virtue as well as for their abilities. Thus, when the great Theodosius sought for a guardian to his son and to his empire, it was to Stilicho, whose barbarous name reveals a Gothic origin, that he committed the double trust; and it was the virtue of that barbarian, the bulwark of the empire against his invading countrymen, that awakened the poetic fire of Claudian, the last classic poet of Roman latinity. A better proof is, that after their conquest, the Goths adopted, as far as was practicable, the civilization of their own subjects. As Grecian politeness had softened the ferocity of Roman virtue, so did the cultiva-

tion of Rome temper the rudeness of their Gothic conquerors. These put themselves to school to their own subjects, and whilst they adopted their refinement, imposed upon them that wholesome and manly restraint which was necessary to make their civilization a reality and not a mere theory.

We do not intend to discuss the origin of the feudal system; it deserves to be noticed, however, that it existed in full vigor only in those countries which had been directly under the influence of Roman civilization; and that those states are now in the lead of refinement which were most completely enthralled by the spirit of feudalism. The feudal system was the instrument of Roman regeneration. Incapable of sustaining himself, the Roman became the subject of a Gothic lord, was directed by his superior energy, and by the combined efforts of the lord and vassal, was prepared the way for the splendid development of modern civilization. A sickly sentimentality may weep over the crimes which were perpetrated by ruthless and lawless bodies in the plenitude of unbridled and ruthless power; but those crimes were the outbreaks of ill disciplined energy, in the hard task of reclaiming a race which had fallen below its own self-esteem.—When the work of discipline was accomplished, and the degenerate Roman purged from a long course of hereditary sin, he rose to a higher point in the scale of humanity, and successfully challenged equality with his master. There was doubtless violence and crime enough in the dark ages; but they are the crimes of men, and the picture of misery is often relieved by a display of heroic virtue; but in the annals of Rome no light comes to brighten the scene; and the crimes are hardly those of humanity.—

They are those at which nature does not merely weep; she regards them with ineffable loathing.

Whatever may have been the evils of the feudal system, it was certainly the instrument of evolving order out of the chaotic mass into which the European Roman empire was thrown—and if we find no distinct recognition of the system before the time of Charlemagne, it is easily to be accounted for, on the principle that, like every other system, its principles required time for their development. And if it was implanted in England before the Norman conquest, this fact seems to corroborate the position we have maintained, because it may be shown that the condition of England, at the epoch of the conquest, was almost a miniature picture of the Roman empire after the death of Theodosius.

Here then we have a series of very remarkable facts, all tending to show that the Northern nations of Europe were a civilized people, inferior to the Romans only in the refinements of life and in intellectual culture; that their energy infused new life into Roman society, their understanding approved and adopted the great institutions of law and religion which their Southern neighbors enjoyed; that the Northmen, who are painted by their contemporaries in the blackest colors, gave lustration to the province of Neustria, which from them received the better known name of Normandy, and their adventures, furnish the most brilliant pages in the history of Naples and Sicily. Nay, further, if we trace these Northmen in the third generation, we shall find that all that is illustrious in the history of the Crusades is eminently their history.

A savage horde has sometimes overwhelmed a body of civilized

men; but all traces of their deeds perish with them. Were it not for the Roman historian, the history of Attila's invasions would not now even be suspected. An impenetrable veil hangs over the history of the unfortunate colony planted by Raleigh in North America. The Christian and his destroyer have alike disappeared, and left no trace behind them. Since that period, in every portion of the continent, small bands of civilized Europeans have planted themselves among the savages, and the latter have disappeared. Where the European lives, no aboriginal American can be found, except among the civilized races of Mexico and Peru. The days of the savage are numbered. Human effort cannot save him. And as we have witnessed the extinction of the dodo and some other birds, so shall we see the total extinction of the savage race, because the presence of civilization is his death warrant. But the essence of civilization is vitality. Dull, sluggish, and oppressed, it may languish and appear to be on the eve of dissolution; but infuse into it a spark of energy, and it soars triumphantly and joyfully to the accomplishment of its destiny.

Men are apt to measure the degree of civilization by the amount and character of its appliances.—This is a gross mistake, and if carried out, productive of mischievous consequences. This supplies a material, not a moral and intellectual standard of civilization. On this

principle, you have only to remove a cockney to the country, to convert a civilized man into a barbarian. In town I read by the light furnished by the complicated appliances of the gas works—in the country I must content myself with the less elaborate contrivance of a candle—or perhaps the scantiness of my means may reduce me to the more primitive expedient of a light-wood torch. Am I less civilized there than I am here? It is doubtless a great convenience to be in possession of a magnetic telegraph; to have railways radiating from us in every direction; and to have steam vessels ready to carry our persons or our products across the ocean. But do these conveniences effect any change in the inward man which can be either perceived or felt?*

No period in the world's history has witnessed so many additions to our conveniences as that portion which is coeval with the existence of many of us; and if it cannot be shown that the moral character of our people has been improved by these wonderful improvements, with what assurance can we infer barbarism of our ancestors who lived before those improvements, which however recent, were common when many of us began to live?

High authority may be quoted to prove that the progress of civilization in the arts of refinement is by no means always accompanied by a corresponding progress in virtue.

*This matter has been happily illustrated in the following *jeu d'esprit*, purporting to be an extract from a Fourth of July Oration delivered by John Phoenix, L. S. D., &c., &c.:

"Although for the time in which he lived, a very distinguished man, the ignorance of Washington is something perfectly incredible. He never traveled on a steam boat, never saw a railroad or a locomotive engine, was perfectly ignorant of the principles of the magnetic telegraph, never had a Daguerreotype, Colt's pistol, Sharp's rifle, or used a friction match. He ate his meals with an iron fork, never used postage stamps on his letters, and knew nothing of the application of chloroform to alleviate suffering, or the use of gas for illumination."

We may refer to a remarkable resumé of the *Statistique Morale de la France*, which we remember to have seen about twenty years ago. Its purport is to be found in the following quotation from Alison:

"Education has been made a matter of state policy in Prussia, and every child is, by the compulsion of government, sent to school; but so far has this universal spread of instruction been from eradicating the seeds of evil, that serious crime is fourteen times as prevalent in proportion to the population in Prussia, as it is in France, where about two-thirds of the whole inhabitants can neither read nor write. In France, itself, it has been ascertained from the returns collected in the *Statistique morale de la France*, of commitments for crimes at the assizes, and the number of children at school, that the amount of crime in all the eighty-three departments, is, without one single exception, in proportion to the amount of instruction received, and accordingly, in the very curious and very interesting tables constructed by M. Guerry, the lightest department in the map showing the amount of education, is the darkest in that showing the amount of crime. By far the greater proportion of the ladies of pleasure in Paris, come from districts to the north of the Loire, the most highly educated in France." Facts like these "settle the question, but the conclusion to which they lead is so adverse to general opinion, that probably more than one generation must descend to their graves before they are generally admitted."

The history of the world teaches us that civilization is the immediate gift of God. Not only has no people ever effected their own civilization, but no people in modern times have ever survived the attempt to civilize them. Savagism

is the last stage of an accursed race; the miserable doom of those whose vices have condemned them to extinction. It is not, indeed, susceptible of demonstration, but it is more than probable, that had the discovery of America been delayed some centuries, the Europeans would have found the Atlantic region of North America without inhabitants. The destiny of the American has been accelerated, not changed by the presence of the European.

That some arts are indispensable to civilization is obvious; but it is difficult to determine which they are. We know that the art of printing is not necessary; but doubt whether even the lowest grade can exist without some system of writing. Without any means of preserving knowledge, we must not only fail to accumulate, but are also in danger of losing what we actually possess. Some agricultural art is necessary, but no people have been found without it. An acquaintance with the use of some of the metals is necessary, but it does not follow that iron is the metal known. None of the American people used it, and among the Europeans of remote antiquity, iron was so little known that it was the precious metal used for money. Some control over the beasts of burden appears to be necessary but not indispensable. The Peruvians had subjected the llama, but the Mexicans were absolutely without any beasts of burthen.

Circumstances doubtless beyond human control exercise a powerful influence over the development of civilization. It is the influence of nature which has indented the Island of Britain with navigable rivers, that has given to the English the dominion over the sea; and it is no wonder that the inhospitable and rigidly defined coasts of France

should inspire the people of that country with an almost instinctive dread of the ocean.

But if the influences of material nature are mysterious, still more so is that ineffable, inscrutable influence exercised by that combined physical and moral characteristic of man which we understand by the term *race*. The instincts of race are invincible, inscrutable, and mysterious. Why did Belgium acquiesce in the Spanish rule, when the provinces of Holland worked out their independence? Why should Protestantism be the religion of one, while the other is eminently Catholic? Why have they, for causes which appear too trivial to justify a revolution, separated themselves and formed two distinct kingdoms, when perhaps the sober judgment of every intelligent man in both states must have recognized the importance and advantage of their union? Why did the French king, who was at first but the head of the nobles, become an absolute despot, while the despotic sovereign of England became a mere pageant in the hands of his parliament? Why should extravagant, almost idolatrous loyalty characterize the freest people of Europe, while the most irreverent, the most disloyal, the most clamorous for liberty and equality, should never be so happy as when under the iron rule of a despot? Why has Italy always remained without nationality, though every intelligent Italian has deprecated the evil of its subdivision into several petty States? And why does the Pole, whose wrongs have drawn tears from the eyes of the Christian world, submit peaceably and contentedly to the domination of the Russ? Instances like these stare us in the face and defy solution.

Among the causes which have been supposed to exert the greatest

influence on civilization, is Christianity. On this subject, one who ventures to differ in any respect from the popular view, is so apt to be misunderstood, and to be perversely understood, that we approach it with reluctance; but it is absolutely necessary that we discuss it; especially since a set of common places have been received on this subject, which are taken without examination, and pass as unquestionable truths. We hope to test them by a few experiments.

Any attempt to estimate the value of Christianity to the world, must result in mere drivelling, because its benefits being eternal they are beyond human comprehension. But Christianity is a personal blessing. It is the concern, not of society, but of every individual in society; and so infinite is the personal concern, that the interest of society is absolutely as nothing in comparison.

Of all religions which have been preached to man, Christianity is the most catholic, the most comprehensive, the best adapted to every condition and variety of life. But there are certain races of men which appear to be incapable of receiving it. It has almost disappeared from Asia before the towering genius of Mohametanism. It maintains a feeble struggle against fetishism among the negroes of Africa; and if it has ever blessed with its consolations the savage American or Polynesian, it appears to have planted among its converts the seeds of temporal dissolution, for they are disappearing before the face of civilization and of Christianity.

Doubtless, if a society could be found, every member of which possessed vital Christianity, we would there expect to find the highest development of civilization. But such societies have never been

found, and it is a melancholy fact, that even in those societies of which the religious principle appeared to be the ruling passion, when men have resolved to be governed by the laws of God until they should have time to make better, more than traces have been found of the unredeemed human nature erecting itself into an attitude of frightful hostility against humanity; and its deformity is more hideous because covered by a thin veil, which it fondly believes to be the veil of righteousness.

If we examine the influence of Christianity on several separate societies, we shall find that its operation is so various that we may assert that it is society which operates on the Christian principle and modifies it.

In England, once to be a pious man was to be an enthusiastic devotee of liberty. The battles of liberty were fought under the standard of the Cross, and the greatest saint was he who struck most fiercely in defence of his real or presumed rights. The text which sounds sweetest to English ears is, the truth shall make you free.—Christianity is cherished among us as the hand-maid, protectress, and guardian of liberty. This is the Englishman's notion of religion. How is it with the Eastern countries? What has Christianity done for the political state of the Eastern Greeks and Armenians? Who so submissive as the Christians of the Turkish land? Would it not appear that while it elevates one race of men it has degraded another? We know it may be said that a corrupt Christianity is not to be compared with the pure religion of enlightened Europe? But why should the religion of Europe be so pure? And has that purity saved even Protestant Europe from despotism? Was there ever a despot-

ism more rigid, more absolute than Cromwell's? And where has it ever happened, but in Protestant Denmark, that the sovereign has been solemnly and irrevocably invested with absolute and irresponsible power? If England then, and Denmark now, do not present the melancholy picture of degradation characteristic of the Eastern Christian, it is owing, not to their religion, but to that innate spirit of race which may yield obedience to power, but cannot consent to abasement.

And how can it be shown that any particular admixture of error should so fatally vitiate religion and its effects? Alas, for humanity, were this so! for grant that you may purge it from error of faith and of doctrine, you cannot purge it from the leaven of humanity, which will show itself even amid the most pure, and react upon the Christian, making him now a truculent Peters, now a cunning Penn, again a philosophical Williams, and again it invests him with the mild virtues of a Tillotson or a Fenelon.

The Christian religion is the greatest gift of God to man; and it is so excellent a thing that it is impossible for human devices or human arrogance to impair its value. One church may load it with extraneous forms, another may strip it to almost shameful nudity; none can hide its great, its important, and its only lesson, that it is the voice of God reconciling a lost world to himself; and under whatever garb human frailty, human arrogance, or human vanity may disguise it, they cannot hinder her from the performance of her holy work of mercy.

One feature peculiar to Christian societies, separates them widely from those of ancient paganism. The poor, the helpless, and the miserable, are here provided for, and

when voluntary associated energy is insufficient, the law steps in and compels the unwilling to be charitable. This is a wide difference, all must admit; but it is remarkable that charity, and especially legal charity, is not without its opponents among the thinkers, even of the benevolent class of the present age.

It cannot be denied, too, that the spirit of Christianity has spread beyond the limits of those who have embraced its vital principles; but they err who attribute to Christianity every virtue which is implanted in the human breast. Nature gives us the virtue, Christianity sanctifies it and makes it grace. Among a purely Turkish population, locks and bolts are unnecessary to the security of property. It is only the presence of a Christian population that requires those necessary appendages of civilization.

It may appear paradoxical, but it is not the less true, that the highest results of civilization are attained in countries in which a very large portion of its population are necessarily excluded from its benefits. Not that these are savages, or even barbarous, but that they occupy a position so far below the others, that the difference between them is almost infinite. We do not know that humanity has ever received such a perfect development as was exhibited by the upper class of Roman citizens during the latter period of the Republic. That a man like Cæsar should be the first soldier in the state, should be also distinguished as a writer, a rhetorician, an orator, and a statesman, may be considered one of those extraordinary cases in which genius makes a law for itself, and tramples on the ordinary rules of nature. The genius of the soldier is closely allied with that of the statesman, and such men, if they

write at all, can only write with idiomatic purity. But the case of Cicero is a fit illustration. An orator, second only to Demosthenes, his eloquence is that of the scholar and the artist, not the thoughts that breathe and words that burn, which constitute the magic of the Athenian's eloquence; a philosopher, eminently practical, whose lessons are hardly less fascinating than those of Plato, and infinitely more useful as a guide to a happy life; a critic, not so subtle as Aristotle, but whose judgments betray the most profound study, and whose decisions receive the spontaneous assent of every scholar of feeling and of judgment; professional in nothing, but accomplished in everything, he appears to have laid the foundation of imperishable renown; but not content with the laurels of the scholar, he steps forward as a statesman, and in an age which tried men's souls, acquires himself with dignity and reputation; and to crown his fame, he closes his political life with a civil and military commission as a governor of a distant province, and but for the breaking out of the civil wars, would have been greeted, on his return home, with a triumph. And yet strange to tell, this man's nature was as feeble as a child's. Nature intended him for a scholar, training made him a statesman and a soldier. This, it may be said, is an extreme case, and so it is. But it is not the less apt as an illustration. His contemporaries did not consider his case an extraordinary one. They saw nothing incongruous in his several avocations. That the great warrior, Cæsar, should be also an excellent orator, appeared to them quite natural; it was not strange that the accomplished scholar, Cicero, should make an excellent soldier; and it must not be forgotten, that though Cicero tow-

ered above his contemporaries, his was but the ordinary career of the Roman gentleman.

Two people of modern times seem to bear a strong resemblance to the Romans in this respect, the English nobleman and the Russian. However we may object in theory to an hereditary nobility, it cannot be denied that a very large portion of the glory of English history is to be found in the history of the English patrician families.

With the history of the Russians we are less familiarly acquainted, but when we consider the steady progress of that empire for the last century and a half, we must acknowledge that their nobility must be pre-eminent in virtue, intelligence, and ability. In England and Russia, we find the extremes of social life. By the side of the English patrician crouches the English pauper; the Russian boyar lords it over thousands of obedient slaves; so in ancient Rome, imagination can hardly fathom the immense interval which separated the patrician from the proletarian.

We have, on a former occasion, examined the effect of slavery. It may be observed in general, that since America has shaken off the yoke of European rule, the only two countries which have maintained a reputable position in the family of nations, are those which alone preserve that conservative institution. Anarchy or revolution is the lot of all the others. Washington, the noblest specimen of humanity which has ever adorned any age or any country, was a slave-holder, born and educated among slaves. It was the slaveholding portion of the confederacy which insisted on waging war with England for the maintenance of national honor; and it is the slaveholding portion which has

furnished, not only the largest number of presidents, but the greatest number of counsellors and statesmen who have moulded the infant state, and given it form and dignity.

If this portion of the country cannot vie in glory with England, it is owing to causes not beyond our control, but to causes which threaten our very existence. Calmness and repose are essential to sound training; but our destiny links us with a race to whom calmness and repose are impossible; and as they whirl about in the incessant strainings after wealth, they catch us in their gyrations, inoculate us with their frenzy, and with pygmy efforts we also endeavor to ape them in their frantic strides in progress. Hence a sense of provincialism oppresses us, and prevents us from seeing our true position in the world. Our children are unable to spend time in proper training, but are urged to join in the race and bend all their efforts to mar forever their own better destiny. If this unholy union could be severed, if we could be left to ourselves, to work out our own destiny, we see no reason why we should not equal the moral greatness of any people in history. But as it is, we suffer the doom of provincial vassalage.

The first and greatest concern of man is eternity; the next is happiness. Happiness is eminently a social blessing; and however felicitous the condition of any man may appear, if others are injured for his benefit, if others are deprived of a portion of their share that his prosperity may be unclouded, there is a spectre in his house which poisons all his bliss, and the time comes to all such when they feel that all is but vanity and vexation of spirit.

There are periods in the history

of civilization when the rich become richer and the poor become poorer. At such a time particularly it becomes every prosperous man to enquire whether no element of evil lies at the basis of his enjoyment. Progress is fascinating, but there is progress to ruin as well as to glory. The true aim of the Christian, as well as the patriot, should be the general diffusion of happiness. This is true progress in civilization. Whatever does not accomplish this, may dazzle for a time, but must end in bitterness.

A REMINISCENCE.

A moment's pause—we did not speak,
For Grief her shadows threw—
The efflorescence of thy cheek
Had lost its happier hue.

But Sorrow yields to Beauty's charm,
Nor Beauty lovelier grows
Than when the lily of alarm
Usurps its native rose.

'Twas one of those sweet looks that o'er
The heart as briefly shine,
As fond devotion might implore.
That pain should pass from thine.

A tear unshed—a silent sigh—
A thrill of joy and sorrow—
'Twas nothing then,—but memory
Shall make it *Love* to-morrow.

SONNET.

In desolation now yon fabric stands
Amid those old and venerable trees,
Whose moss-clad branches murmur in the breeze,
The pride and glory of these Southern lands.
Here issued forth the first of those brave bands,
By Freedom summoned to the deadly strife,
Nobly to conquer or to part with life—
And won their liberties from foreign hands
The owl and bat are tenants of those halls,
Where proudly trod the lordly and the brave.
Columns are mouldering in their earthly bed—
And ivy mantles o'er their time-worn walls—
Around, there breathes the silence of the dead,
For ruin reigns supreme—since soul has fled.

CRIMES WHICH THE LAW DOES NOT REACH.

NO II.—A MARRIAGE OF PERSUASION.

"And so you refused him?"

"Yes, mamma."

"Without one word of hope?"

"Not one."

"Harshly? rudely?"

"I trust not. Finally and positively, I certainly did."

"Anna! I can't forgive you."

"My dear mamma, what have I done?"

"What have you done? Refused an excellent man; one whom any mother would be proud to see as her daughter's husband. Sent from the house the best friend I have—deprived us of our mainstay and support—insulted him—and—destroyed the great hope of my life!" The tears streamed from Mrs. Mansfield's eyes. She drew away her hand from her daughter's clasp, and tried to leave the room. Anna detained her.

"Dearest mother! you cannot be more grieved than I am. Mr. Gordon is a very worthy man—he has been a kind friend to us in adversity—he is, I believe, truly sincere in his love for me, and I regret very deeply that it should have brought us to this pass. I have not wounded him farther than I could help, I assure you. He will return to visit us in his usual way, after a while; indeed, I hope to see so little change in our intercourse, that I would have spared you the annoyance of knowing this, had he not expressly desired that I should tell you."

"Ah, he is a forgiving and generous creature; a true christian. Such a man as that to be so treated!"

Anna was silent.

"Anna," resumed her mother, with sudden energy, after a moment's pause, "do you love any one else? have you formed some absurd attachment which interferes with Mr. Gordon's undeniable claims to your affections?"

Miss Mansfield's noble and expressive face was calmly raised to her mother's heated and excited gaze.

"No, mamma," she simply answered.

"Then, *why* can't you marry Mr. Gordon, and make me happy?"

"Because," and Anna's voice was firm, decided and honest. "Because I do not love him, and to marry him would make me very unhappy."

"Selfish as ever!" ejaculated Mrs. Mansfield. "Will you tell me what you dislike in him?" she pursued.

"I did not say I disliked Mr. Gordon, mamma."

"What you don't like, then? Why you don't love him?"

Anna smiled faintly. "Dear mamma! is there not a great distance still between liking and being in love?"

"You are trifling with me most disrespectfully. Is it not enough that I should suffer this disappointment at your hands, and can you not spare me this beating about the bush? I wish a plain answer to a plain question. Is there anything about Mr. Gordon especially disagreeable to you? If so, what is it?"

"Nothing especially disagreeable, as a friend—as a man whom one sees three or four times a week; but as a husband, several things."

"May I, as only your mother,—of course, a very insignificant creature to wish or have your confidence,—ask these several things?"

"In the first place, then, his person is not attractive to me."

"Gracious heaven!" cried Mrs. Mansfield, starting up; "do I live to hear *my* daughter express such a sentiment! His person! Do you not know that to think of such an objection is—the—the—very reverse of modest? Where have you got such ideas? To a truly virtuous woman, what are a man's looks? I might expect such an objection from a girl of low mind and vicious ideas, but not from Anna Mansfield. So this is your reason for not marrying an excellent, kind—"

"Not my only one, mamma," Anna interrupted gently; "it is one of them, but not the greatest. I named it first because it is, I think, very important; and I cannot see the impropriety which strikes you." A slight blush rose to her cheek, as she continued, "I should not like to engage myself to pass my life with a man whose appearance would be repulsive to me, if he had the right to take my hand—or—excuse me, mamma.—I don't like to say any more on this point;" and then, as the color deepened, she added in a lower voice, "You saw Frederick yesterday put his arm around Maria's waist, as he lifted her from the saddle; and, not caring for the presence of you, his aunt, and us, his cousins, he—a bridegroom of three months—he kissed her pretty blooming cheek, and drew her close to him. She blushed, and said, 'don't, Fred,' but evidently was not displeased. Now, could I

endure—? Oh, mamma, pray don't talk about it. It makes me ill. I have named one of the smallest, and at the same time one of the greatest objections. Why dwell upon a difference of opinion, in many essential cases—a total want of congeniality—sympathy—taste, when this trivial reason (provided he possessed the others) is in itself so strong? Dear mamma, don't be angry—don't be disappointed. You would not wish to make me truly miserable? Perhaps, in a year or two, Sally may be Mr. Gordon's choice; and Sally may take him as her beau ideal. Why do you want to get rid of me so soon?"

"Ah, my dear," said Mrs. Mansfield, "you know how poor we are now. Here I am with you four girls, and an income not much larger than in your dear father's time I spent upon my own dress. Is it wonderful that I long to see you settled? Heaven knows that I am not one of those mercenary mothers who would give their children to any man with money. No, indeed. I would not be so wicked. But when a gentleman like Norman Gordon—an honorable, trustworthy, generous creature—wishes to become my son, do you wonder that I should desire it too? I knew his father before him—I knew his mother—all good people; it is good blood, my child—the best dependence in the world. You are nearly twenty years old, and there are three younger than you; how can I help being anxious? And I who know what 'love-matches' are—how many a girl goes to her ruin by that foolish idea, marrying some boy in haste, and repenting at leisure—children—no money—bills to pay—oh! my dear Anna, where is the love then?"

"Mamma, am I making or thinking of making any such match?"

"But you may do it. I want to save you from this. I have a horror of these romantic 'love-matches.'"

"Did you not love my father, mamma?" Anna asked in a low voice.

"Of course I did. All women should love their husbands. All proper, well-regulated women do love their husbands."

"And yet you wish me to marry without love!"

"Love comes after marriage.—every woman with good principles loves her husband. She makes the best of her bargain. Life is a lottery, and if you draw a prize or a blank, you must accept it as it is and be satisfied. Then, when a woman has sworn, in the face of God and man, 'to love, honor and obey' her husband, how can she reconcile herself to not doing it?"

"But, if she should not? if she finds it impossible? Oh, think of that, mamma. Think of vowing solemnly in the face of heaven—and breaking one's oath! Swearing to love, where you feel indifference—promising to honor, where you see little to respect—and vowing to obey, where your reason tells you there is no judgment to make obedience possible! Taking upon your shoulders, *for life*, a burthen you cannot bear, and which it is a crime to struggle under, or to cast aside!"

"You know nothing about it, Anna," Mrs. Mansfield said impatiently; "it is not proper for a young girl to think and speak in this wild way. Your mother is here to guide and direct you. No good ever comes of a child arguing and setting herself up in this manner, to teach those older and wiser than herself. The Bible says, 'Honor thy father and thy mother'—it don't say, 'dispute with them.' I tell you what I heard from my

mother, and what every right-minded person knows, 'make a good choice in life; marry, and love will come afterwards.' Love comes with the—never mind. I will not say any more now. I hope sincerely you have been careful of poor Norman's feelings. But you are not apt to do that. You have lacerated mine enough, heaven knows."

"Oh, mamma! when—how?"

"In this business. When it would be so easy for you to make us all happy, and you prefer your own notions, and wilfully act up to them."

A flush of transient anger and indignation swept gustily over Miss Mansfield's face; but she conquered the emotion, and playfully taking a volume from a book-stand near, said, with perfect good humor and meaningly, "May I read 'Clarissa Harlowe,' mamma?"

"No, put it down, Anna, and don't bother me with any further nonsense."

The daughter obediently withdrew, glad to escape so painful and so disagreeable an interview.

But although this was the first, it was by no means the last of such conversations. Every day the subject was renewed, but gradually Mrs. Mansfield changed her tactics. She no longer scolded or insisted; her reproaches were silent looks of misery—pathetic appeals to heaven "to grant her patience under her afflictions." She was very affectionate to her daughter—heart-rendingly so. Anna was called upon constantly to notice what a tender parent she was distressing. Each necessary privation in their reduced household (the father's honorable failure and death had brought them from affluence to comparative poverty,) was prologued and epilogued by sighs and suggestions. "If only Anna could"—and then a sudden pause and deep respiration.

"My own dear child," Mrs. Mansfield would sometimes say; "how I wish you had a new dress. That brown silk is very shabby; but we cannot, with our limited means, buy another, and yet I saw Jane Berryman sneering at it, with her flounced skirts spreading a mile behind her."

"Indeed, mamma, I don't care for Jane Berryman's sneers. It is very good of you to be anxious about it, but I think the old brown very becoming."

The next day a rich plaid silk, glossy and fresh, lay upon Anna's bed. "I could not stand it, my dear," said Mrs. Mansfield. "I must do without a new cloak this winter. A mother would rather starve with cold than see her daughter less handsomely dressed than she ought to be. Nothing is a sacrifice to me, for you, Anna."

In vain poor Anna protested and tried to return the silk, and exchange it for the very necessary cloak, whose purchase was now impossible. Mrs. Mansfield positively forbade her, and the thin black shawl which covered the widow's last year's bombazine was worn with a prolonged shiver, whenever Anna was near enough to hear and see.

Mr. Gordon soon returned to pay his usual visits—to offer his usual attentions—to make his usual presents, at stated times, of things which could permissibly be tendered. The visits Mrs. Mansfield received with great delight—the attentions were allowed; but the first basket of winter produce which arrived from Mr. Gordon's farm, she requested decidedly should be the last.

Clara, the youngest girl, a child of seven, cried lustily because her mamma said "these will be the last potatoes we shall ever eat." From the solemnity of the tone, the little thing fancied that potatoes—a very

important item in her daily consumption—were tabooed forever. She desisted when she found that it was only the potatoes from the Gordon farm that fell under the restriction.

Day by day, week after week, this persecution continued. It was the unceasing drop of water that "stayed not itself" for a single instant. In despair, Anna went to consult an aunt, whose opinion she highly valued—whose principles were undoubted—an exemplary wife and mother, and a kind friend always to her niece. Anna recited her woes. "What must I do to escape this torment, my dear Aunt Mary? I feel and know my duty to mamma, I trust; but this life is wearing me out."

Aunt Mary smiled.

"And you don't like Mr. Gordon, dear?"

"I now detest him."

"Oh! for shame. How can you say so? Indeed, my child, I cannot but agree with your mother. This is an excellent match; and it seems to me that if you have no positive objection against his character and standing, you ought to reconsider Mr. Gordon's proposal."

"But, don't you understand that I don't in the least care for the man, except as an ordinary acquaintance. He is well enough as he is; but, do you too advocate a marriage made on such a foundation?"

"Anna! a love match makes no marriage of love."

"*Voilà une chanson dont je connais l'air!*" said Anna, smiling bitterly in her turn. "You will all force me to marry this man, actually to get rid of him."

"Well, you could not do a better thing, I think?"

Anna returned home disconsolately; returned to the same wearying, petty, incessant pin pricks, unencouraged by a single word.

With all her affection for her mother, she could not but see her weakness in most cases; but on her Aunt's judgment she relied, and what had been the result of the interview?—a decided approval of Mrs. Mansfield's wishes.

Let those who blame Anna Mansfield for her next step, pray to be kept from the same pit-fall. This is a mere sketch; but an outline which all who choose may fill up from the hints given. Those who believe that *they* would have been steadfast to the end, will have my admiration, if, when their day of trial comes, they hold firmly to the right; but—as we look around, have we not cause to think that there are many Mrs. Mansfields, and, alas! many Annas?

There came an evening at length, when on Miss Mansfield's finger shone a great diamond, which dazzled tiny Clara's eyes and made her uncognizant of the tears in her sister's, as she asked wonderingly, "Where did you get such a beautiful ring?"

Mrs. Mansfield triumphantly said, "That is a secret, Clara."

"No secret for you, my little darling," Anna answered very low and gravely. "Mr. Gordon gave it to me as a pledge that I am to marry him."

"Do you love him, Annie?" Clara said, swallowing her surprise, with great, open, childish eyes.

"Don't ask foolish questions, Clara," her mother cried angrily. But the tears now rolled down the elder sister's white cheek, and she held the little girl close to her bosom, as she whispered, "you shall come and live with me, my own,

and when you marry, I will not need, if God helps me, to ask *you* that question."

The day came—hurried on—and Anna Mansfield was Mrs. Norman Gordon. She was the owner of houses and lands—gold and silver—a perjured conscience and a broken heart. Very fine possessions were they, truly, and very proud Mrs. Mansfield was and is, of the hand she had in this righteous barter.

I see Mrs. Gordon frequently; she is very pale and cold, and kind. She has no children—Clara does live with her. Mr. Gordon is not happy, evidently; he has nothing to complain of in his wife. She is scrupulously polite to him, but there is not an atom of sympathy between them. He is prejudiced, uncultivated; and now that he has her, is terribly afraid of being ruled by her. It is a joyless household, and a very rich one. I have seen Mrs. Mansfield's greedy gaze lighten broader and broader as the blaze of plate—the measured footfall of a train of servants—the luxurious profusion of their constant service, were spread out before her. She treads the "velvet pile" of carpets with a happy step, and adores her daughter's noble brow, when she sees shimmering upon it—reflecting a thousand lights—the mass of brilliants that binds, in its costly clasp, the struggling thoughts of what was once Anna Mansfield.

So we leave them. What of the end of all this? Is this grand automaton really dead, or does a heart, young and still untouched, lurk—strong, free and dangerous—in that quiet, unmoved and stately figure?

TRIP TO CUBA.

HAVANA.

My dear Doctor, Dry as Dust. I am amenable to your censure. You charge me with departing from my programme, and indulging in vain fancies, while you were expecting from me those minute descriptions and substantial facts, so congenial to your taste—the registration of which I had professed to make my chief inducement in writing out these notes for publication. You accuse me, in short, of having an eye to the ladies, in what I have written. My dear Doctor! you fall short of the mark—my offence is graver yet. I do not squint; and when I desire to say any thing particularly impressive, I usually have both eyes fixed on the ladies! Ladies go first, was the first lesson in manners taught me by my dancing master. “Ladies and gentlemen,” is the address of every well-bred actor to the audience. I conform to my teaching, and having made my bow where it is best due, I now turn to you, and will give minute description and hard, dull, dry facts—“dry as a remainder biscuit after a voyage”—to your heart’s content. Ladies, you are forewarned—this chapter is not for you.

A walk of less than five minutes took us from the landing place, at which our baggage had been inspected, to Woolcott’s hotel, corner of calle de Lux and Commercial. The streets through which we passed were flanked by massive buildings of stone, often of one story, sometimes of two, with flat roofs; the walls being painted in glaring colors, such as bright sky-blue or

deep yellow. The hotel was one of the superior class of buildings, and we entered by a wide and lofty gate-way, leading by a flight of stone steps to the office of the landlord. Turning to the right, without ascending these steps, you find before you an open square, round which the apartments used for dormitories are arranged. In one of these, after a most tedious detention, arising from the departure of one set of boarders by one ship, and the installing another, who had just arrived, in their places—from the fewness of the servants, and their ignorance of your language, and from indifference in the landlord to the comfort of his guests, we were at length installed, with liberty to refresh ourselves and change our dresses, if we were willing to disrobe in the presence of strangers, who, by the contrivance of the landlord, were to share your sleeping apartment. The ceilings of the chamber assigned me were twenty feet in height; the floors were tile, disposed in white and blue squares. These chambers, on the basement story, were separated from each other by a partition of wood, and sometimes by one of canvas painted to resemble wood. Three beds were usually allotted to each chamber, and these were narrow *sulkeys*, supported on slender iron posts, furnished with a thin mattress of moss, (with pillows of the same,) with sheet, coverlet, and a pavilion of yellow gauze to check off the mosquitoes. The windows are unglazed, and besides the inva-

riable bars of iron, are defended by shutters of wood two and a half inches thick, twelve feet high and five and a half wide. The access to the court is by a door of corresponding gigantic proportions—the lower half of which may be shut while the upper remains open. A curtain of blue cotton cloth depends from above, and shuts out observation from the upper galleries, to which, nevertheless, it did appear to me that the parties most exposed to the annoyance, became in a short time strangely indifferent. This huddling of human beings together, blunts and deadens that feeling of modesty which is, I think, inherent in our nature; outrages our higher instincts; is a departure from the usages of civilized society, and deserves our severest animadversion. Ascending the flight of stone steps, you reach the drawing room, dining room, and an open corridor, which conducts you to other sleeping apartments, distinguishable from those on the ground floor in being narrower, and furnished (happily) with only one bed. The balconies of this second story overlook the streets, and you will observe that the windows of the lower floors of every house within view, are iron barred, and that the ladies who look out from them, look—poor things—like caged birds! They look so like prisoners, that the sentiment of every American at beholding them *behind these bars*, is one of melancholy.

I desire to do justice to the Woolcott hotel, and to speak commendingly of it where I can. The culinary department is altogether superior to the chamber service.—There is no deficiency of servants to attend on meals—the viands are wholesome and well cooked.—French cooks preside over the establishment, and the hateful garlic—the opprobrium of the Spanish

cuisine—does not abound in the composition of the dishes and sauces. Beef was tender—mutton good—sea fish were abundant, and, though their flavor did not equal their wonderful beauty, they were a valuable auxiliary. Small partridges (*perdrix marilandica*) were occasionally present, and doves frequently. The *table d'hôte*, in a word, was good; and the fried plantains and bananas presented at breakfast, were an acceptable novelty.

Having now described the hotel at which we found accommodations at Havana, with, I trust, sufficient particularity, I shall proceed to say that the company during the time of our sojourn, was almost exclusively American. They were persons of education and refinement. There was a large representation from Philadelphia, with a sprinkling from New York, New Orleans and Charleston; and the loneliness which is apt to overtake us when journeying among a people of whose language we are utterly ignorant, was much abated by the social resources that awaited us in the re-union of so many congenial spirits at the same hotel.

The port of Havana is superb. It is difficult to conceive of one more secure against storms, or hostile attempt. At the distance of a single mile from the entrance, following the western curve of the harbor, you will have shut out the sea, and the Punta on one side, and the Morro on the other seem to have sealed up the port. Around you, as you lie at anchor in the roadstead, crowded by shipping and enlivened by the flags of almost every commercial power, is an ample theatre of gentle slopes and hills. On the east lies Regla, which contains the warehouse for the reception, storing and shipment of sugar, molasses and other bulky

productions of the island; while to the west you find the churches, barracks, palaces, paseos, the compacted buildings and crowded thoroughfares, which more properly constitute *the City*. The arrangements here for taking in and discharging cargoes are excellent. The wharves, which are wooden, and in places covered so as to exclude sun and rain, extend to deep water, and the ships are moored *head on* while discharging cargoes, and *stern on* while receiving—by which means great economy of space is secured. Here, in return for the sugar, molasses, coffee, tobacco, fruits, preserves and other unrivalled productions of this favored island, which constitute the exports, you may observe the willing tribute which she receives from other countries in payment or exchange. They come in the shape of brandies, silks, and other articles of luxury from Spain—(the commerce between the parent State and the Colony being encouraged by the imposition on foreign goods of almost prohibitory duties,) of wines and flour from Barcelona, and rice from Valencia. Among the imports are likewise found the staves and lumber from all parts of the United States—the cured fish from the North—the rice, flour, and (when the duty is low) the Indian corn from the South—and the jerked beef from South America, so important an item in the support of the *working classes*. These, on the plantations, consist, as most readers are aware, almost exclusively of African negroes, but in the cities embrace the lower cast of Chinamen, called coolies.

From their inability to support the heat in field labors, these coolies are of little service, *directly*, on the sugar estates, in increasing their production; but indirectly their importation is of value, in disen-

gaging African labor from the household service, and permitting its application to field culture. They find profitable employment also in the warehouses, wherein much of the labor is performed under cover.

In visiting these warehouses at Regla, in which the laborers were engaged in removing sugar boxes to and from the shipping, I observed that the overseers superintending the work (a stalworth looking set of men,) were armed with sword in belt, and a harsh whip of plaited cow-hide in their right hands. I accosted one who was able to converse a little in French, and asked him whether he applied *that* (touching his cow-skin,) to the coolie? He said, "No! to the negro!" "What, then, to the coolie?"—"The bambino," he added, pointing to a cane the size of one's finger. Whether the distinction shown the Chinamen was the result of direct stipulation, usage or special favor, I had no means to determine. These Chinamen were decently clad in shirts and trowsers. The negroes wore shirts only; and their bare backs showed in several instances the recent application of the scourge. They were *tattooed*, showing *African nativity*, and were as repulsive in their physiognomy as if they had just risen from a cannibal feast—yet they were fat and glossy. Their condition was evidently this—to be well fed, worked and beaten! They realized the old idea of African slavery as it existed in Jamaica, and possibly in these States prior to the revolution and before their condition was elevated by the influences latterly brought to bear on this class of our laboring population.

RAMBLE THROUGH THE CITY.

In the city proper, I have thus far visited the cathedral which holds the monument to Columbus,

and several other churches, which, however, do not compare favorably with the churches found in some other Catholic countries. Their exterior is, nevertheless, venerable; the plants pendant from the cornices, or taking root in the soft stone of which they are built, helping to deepen that expression which belongs naturally to the sombre-colored stone of which they are constructed. The paintings decorating their interior will not long arrest the attention of those who have inspected the galleries of Continental Europe. The monument to Columbus is unworthy of so distinguished a man. It is of the kind called *mural*, and consists of a tablet let into the wall of the Cathedral on the left as you approach the altar, with an effigy purporting to be a likeness. I doubt the resemblance. First, because it differs from all others that I have seen; and, secondly, because it is the likeness of a young man. Now, Columbus was old before he achieved the distinction which would fix the gaze of the people on him, and give them the inducement and the desire to perpetuate his features. The Spanish inscription reads thus—when rendered into English—

"Oh remains and image of the great Columbus!

May ye last a thousand years, preserved in the urn

And in the remembrance of our nation!"

While we except from the censure many of the public buildings which have solidity and massiveness to recommend them, and a portion of the private residences which lay claim to architectural notice, we must characterize the houses in Havana generally, as having a mean and squalid appearance. One storied in height—barred at the windows—unsashed—and with roofs covered by

coarse tiles—they make no favorable first impression. If they rise to two stories, the entrance is by a gateway, at the side of which reposes a coach or volante. You will find the staircase of stone—the hollow square—the open galleries, and a repetition of the same arrangements I have already described in the notice given of the hotel Woolcott. Such is the aspect of the city within the walls, where architectural effort would, in fact, be thrown away, as all effect must be destroyed by the exceeding narrowness of the streets. The exceptions are found in the government buildings, where space has been left for gardens and other ornamental purposes. Thus a plaza, with four majestic palm trees in the centre, and a flower garden protected simply by a slight railing of iron, fronts the palatial residence of the Captain-General.

Without the walls, the streets are wider, and the houses exhibit more architectural display along the main thoroughfares, and in front of the "Campo de Maite," where the princely mansion of Aldama especially arrests your attention. But apart from these frequented portions and exceptional buildings, the houses in this portion of the city are squalid in the extreme. The shallow ditches bordering the side-walks, in this neglected locality, are full of stagnant water, and the planking which once covered them from view, is decayed and unsafe to tread on. One would think that the dreaded *vomito* would never die in so congenial an atmosphere. Where is there an American who is not a political economist, and who, in addition to making laws for himself, (often very bad ones,) is not peering about into his neighbour's concerns and making equally valuable regulations for them? In this spirit, possibly, it

may have been that, in traversing this portion of the city from which, if the truth were known, the yellow fever is scarcely ever absent, I said to myself, "Were I Concha now, I would disband one or two regiments of soldiers, not needed surely in these piping times of peace, and apply the revenue thus saved, to the drainage and purification of these repulsive portions of the city." But this, as my friend P. says, or would say, "is as bad as preaching," for how could I divine what might be the exigencies pressing upon the Captain-General?

The shops exhibit nothing of the splendor of the Broadway, or even Canal street stores. They fall short of King street, Charleston. The shoe stores I remarked as particularly sordid. A few shoes shown in the front, heaps of tanned leather, of a vile smell, lying on the floor of the inner room, while negroes, mulattoes, and the lower order of Catalans, are smoking, idling and lounging upon the counters. I conjecture, from their condition, that ladies never visit them, as with us.

As you pick your way along these narrow streets, by these worn and rugged side-walks that occasionally disappear altogether—as you become aware, by striking your toes against some neglected boulder of coral rock that has usurped the place of the side-walk—your love of the picturesque will be gratified by observing the diversities of color and race that present themselves. They are greater than with us in the Southern cities of the United States. You have, of course, the Englishman and the North American, with their blue eyes, light hair and fair complexion—for where are they not found?—then the old Castilian, with dark eye, browned complexion and stately bearing—the Catalan, (the working man from

old Spain,) still darker from greater exposure to the sun—the Creole, the native of Spanish descent, still darker than the Castilian, though lighter possibly than the Catalan. You have no Indians; they have long since disappeared; and few mulattoes. These do not abound as in St. Domingo, Jamaica, Louisiana, and some other Southern States that need not be particularized, and let the Cubans have full credit therefor. But, to supply this want, we have Chinamen (coolies,) and, lastly, African negroes of the worst and most repulsive type. Of these, many were doubtless natives of the coast, brought to Cuba in slave ships, in spite of treaties, and armaments, and blockading forces, and royal decrees, and edicts of Captain-Generals! Examining the savage expression of their brutal faces, you can readily believe what Captain Canot has said of them—"that before their transportation from Africa, the greater portion were cannibals!" What a contrast do they exhibit to the black race now inhabiting the Southern States of this confederacy? and who seem from generation to generation to have receded farther and farther from the repulsive type which is here before us, in its original deformity. Our blacks, indeed, are slaves, but christians, and belonging to christian masters. This fact is apparent in their air and bearing, and seems stamped on their very physiognomy, so superior are they to the ferocious specimens of heathenism, thrown recently on the shores of Cuba from their barbarian fatherland!

What appears as a peculiarity to strangers, is the number of mules and pack-horses that are seen traversing the streets of Havana, so smothered up in the packages they carry, that little is visible besides

their eyes and ears. Especially did I observe this to be the case when they were loaded with the green blades of the Indian corn, which is here extensively cultivated for horse feed. Supported by panniers, which rest on the sides of the mule, the green stalks with their leaves are cleverly piled up on each side of him, and are all the time coquettish with his lips, which they touch with every step he takes; but the *patient* animal (I trust *he is patient*) can never indulge in a bite, for his mouth is closely confined by a netting. And thus the procession of mules moves on, in single file, the head of each tied to the saddle, or perhaps to the tail of his predecessor, stopping at the doors of their stated customers till the mule is unloaded, and then proceeding to supply the wants of others.

It is as well to say in this connection, that the corn of which we here speak is not left to ripen. It is planted thick like millet, and cut when in tassel. The ground is then immediately ploughed and planted anew, *at any season*; and in this way I am assured that four crops of the same kind are taken from the same field in the course of the year. The variety of Indian corn, thus cultivated for fodder, was a small grained, yellowish flint, which, when left to ripen, produced a small stock and diminutive ear. Such a variety could only be productive when planted very thick. This was the practice here, and I remarked that however thickly planted, and in spite of the heat of the climate, in no instance was it found to *fire*. If this resulted from the peculiarity of the soil, it is of course *untransferrable*; but if it is a peculiarity belonging to the plant itself, to this variety, I mean, it will be well to introduce it at home. I have accordingly distributed the seed among several of our planters,

who are satisfied, so far as the experiment has gone, of its ability to support thick planting in our soil and climate. I have two varieties of sweet potatoe, and the Cuban cotton plant, (an annual,) likewise under experiment.

The leading horse or mule in the procession we have been describing, is ridden by the conductor; and they thread their way through the narrow and crowded streets, with far less confusion than might be expected. This custom of carrying burthens on mules' backs, instead of using wheels, suggests ideas of primitive life to a stranger; but preposterous as it may appear at first sight, it has its foundation in propriety and good sense, as indeed have many seemingly strange practices of foreign countries, when they come to be carefully looked into. It is founded on the fact, that the wheel tracks are so wretchedly cut up by the carts employed in transporting canes from the field to the mills, during the rainy season, that the roads are impassable to wheel carriages; and hence the backs and sides of mules have been substituted as the depositories of burthens too heavy to be borne on human shoulders. The capacious panniers that distend the sides of these sumpter mules, will, in truth, dispose of no despicable freight.

A DRIVE TO THE "CEMETARIO PUBLICO."

Early on one sunny morning, we took a volante and proceeded from our lodgings to visit the cemetery. It lies without the walls, between Fort Principe and the sea. On our way we traversed the exact spot, in front of the Caicere and behind the Punto, where Lopez was garotted, and fifty of the Americans, who were engaged in the expedition, were shot. On our right lay the sea, unruffled on its surface, yet dashing up fitfully against the coral

barriers that oppose its further encroachments, so as to indicate to an experienced eye the presence of a gale at a distance. On the left was a line of squalid one storied houses, that bespoke the residence of the poorer class of the population. In front of us, after we had proceeded about a mile from the Punto, appeared the square walls of the Cemeterio. We here descended from the volante—left it in charge of the Calafero to await our return—and entered the gateway of the Cemeterio. We found ourselves on a paved pathway eight feet wide, passing through the centre of the quadrangle; at the further end of which was a shrine, and a woman on her knees, engaged in prayer. This praying in public places, to the absolute ignoring of the presence of multitudes, is a characteristic, by the way, of Catholic countries. On either side of this pathway were workmen, driving their pickaxes into the earth, and exhuming the remains of some former occupant, to make way for a newer claimant. Thigh bones, ribs and skulls were knocked about by mattock and spade, and then gathered up in baskets. To what end? That I could not learn from the workmen, who spoke only Spanish. Some one has since suggested, in answer to the same enquiry, that one-seventh of the public portion of the cemetery is dug over every year, the old tenants removed and comfortable beds prepared for the expected guests of the ensuing summer. The suggestion must be taken for what it is worth; but if true, as it well may be, a poor man has but a *seven year's lease of his last home*, if he dies in Havana. I remarked that the skulls thus exposed were well formed, and would be thought to have belonged to intellectual persons, while the teeth, of which few sets were entire, were of

uncommon strength and size. Our workmen were doubtless counting on a "wet gale and a fat kirk yard," for they were deepening the grave-pits beyond their former measure; and in the process, detached with their pickaxes a portion of the original coral rock, of which I took home with me a beautiful specimen. While the centre of the enclosure was, with few exceptions, the depository of common persons, the rich, as is their wont, fared sumptuously. They had more than a seven year's lease of their tenement, and were buried close under the shelter of the wall, with tablets over their heads, whereon were inscribed the armorial bearings, names, titles and exploits of the deceased, while in the niches near by stood their effigies or statues, to show to the envying gaze of a later generation what manner of men they were, on whom such posthumous honors had been lavished.

Midway of the quadrangle, a path intersects that by which we entered, at right angles; and following it to the left, we entered another, and another enclosure, all having the same character, the walls ornamented with the devices of the rich tenantry; while the middle space was devoted to the common herd of uncared-for men. In this Golgotha it is said that the dead are thrown, in periods of pestilence, uncoffined, in one promiscuous heap into one common pit. It may be true, for it has been truly said, we know, of other cities in periods of pestilence.

Our stay was not protracted. There were no shade trees bordering the walks, to temper the rays of the sun, which, though it was but nine o'clock, already beat down upon us with intense power, while stifling exhalations sprung up from the fresh upturned earth of ancient graves, which, shut in as they were

by the imperforate walls of the enclosure, the winds of heaven could not drive off from these melancholy precincts. We gave, as we withdrew, one sigh of sympathy to the unknown and unfortunate, but, possibly, deserving men, at the desecration offered to their remains by this rude upheaval of their bones; and one sigh of regret to find even here the omnipotence of wealth, which can dignify and exalt its possessor beyond the grave, securing the privileged seats and the highest places, in this their last theatre, while the poor and friendless are hurried down with scant ceremony and indecent haste, into the common, vulgar pit. With these solemn reflections, we took our last look at the Cemetary.

Cuba has no rattlesnakes, but she has scorpions, and the most repulsive looking creatures they are; and these, it is currently said,

find a congenial lurking place within the walls of this Cemetary. We saw two specimens during our brief visit to the Island, and both were credited to this locality. One lay for two nights on the window sill of my sleeping apartment, venomous looking enough to have inspired all sorts of horrible dreams, till the Irish maid servant (who spoke the only English in the establishment,) offended at its hideousness, tossed it through the bars of my window into the street, giving this characteristic excuse for so doing, (it was a *dead* specimen, mind you,) "that the *baste* was too ugly to live!"

If "Ghouls" have souls, and these souls be subject to the law of transmigration, they could be transformed into no more appropriate bodies, than these hideous scorpions, nor find a more congenial abode than the Cemetary of Havana.

FANTASIA.

The thousand phantoms come and gone,
To which my dreaming soul has sued,
Were but what Fancy painted on
The air of solitude—
Yet few she finds to realize
In those sweet lips and starry eyes.

But thou! of nature and of name
Still like those shifting shapes of light,
Seem only beautiful to claim
The worship of our sight—
Then emptiness in this surpass'd—
That having life, no love thou hast.

Essential sophist—'tis thy sin
To be not fond that art so fair,
With falsehood in thy smile and in
The ripple of thy hair;
That charms which we cannot defy,
Should make reality a lie.

Scorn not the hearts thyself hath scath'd—
Thou love! as well might love aspire
To wield his torch where Cynthia bath'd,
Nay—set her fount on fire.
Cold hearts are flame to thy alluring,
While thou art ice to their imploring.

The following tale is one of a small collection written in German, by Gustav zu Tutlitz, under the title of "*Was sich der Wald erzählt*," and we transfer it to our pages, in an English dress, with the hope of affording an agreeable pastime to all who are not too old to remember the joys of childhood, or too blase to revel, occasionally, in the conceits of a gay and somewhat riotous imagination.

Previous to the publication of this work, the author was known only as the composer of several librettos for operas; but immediately on its appearance, his merits were acknowledged, and the work in a few years passed through sixteen editions. It has since become, with German artists, a favorite subject for illustration. In fact, he is recognized as the German Anderson—like him in many respects, but still thoroughly national—truly German. He is consequently, at times, more sentimental than his popular prototype; but we have said enough to introduce to our readers a new candidate for their favor.—EDITORS.

VOICES FROM THE FOREST.

I.—THE POPPY.

We greatly err in supposing that flowers can do nought but bud, bloom, distil perfume, fade and die; for this opinion, however general, springs only from our egotism. We fancy everything in nature created solely for our use, and that flowers have no inner life, because, forsooth, we know only their outer existence. As said, however, in this we err. As each flower has its own character—one modest, another proud and vain; one gay and brilliant, another dull and unsightly, or howsoever else it may be exhibited—so each has its own wishes and aspirations, its joys and sorrows, its love. Above all, they are very patriotic—clinging not only to the country, but even to the spot where they grow—a feeling denied by many to men of the present day.

Besides, they talk; and if we could but understand their language, they would whisper into our ears many a poem—many a myth. Aye, would we but attend by night upon the flowery meadow, (for there especially, as we soon shall see, do they converse,) the various

pictures they display would appear to us as beautiful and poetic dreams.

One sweet, clear moonlit night, the narrator of these tales lay listening, or as many would say, dreaming upon the blooming carpet of the forest. Suddenly he heard thousands of voices rise simultaneously from the flowers. Some friendly elf, perhaps, to whom unconsciously he had done some kind office, had given him the power of understanding them that night.

The reed was plaintively sighing a long lyric ditty in the rear of his attentive neighbor; while the gossip rose, (the red poppy,) the chronicle scandaleuse of the flowers, was chattering away. Not far off red moss-buds were tittering together. Surely something very witty had just been said. The blue bells were silent, it is true, but nodding right and left, assented to everything their neighbors said; while the quaking grass, on the contrary, only shook its head in doubt at every thing it heard.

Whether they knew who was listening, and, according to the old proverb, wished to punish his im-

puddence, or whether it was their favorite topic, I know not; but certainly the conversation turned chiefly upon man's injustice and cruelty to flowers.

"Alas," mournfully exclaimed a group of Thyme, "man's heavy foot has again crushed some of our loveliest sisters."

"Yes," replied the Fly Catcher, who, eager for notice, held itself high upon its slim stalk, "*they* don't care for us, no matter how affectionately we cling and adhere to them. If they destroyed us because, like the hemlock, we were hurtful, we might endure it; but nothing is harder to bear than their contempt. They don't think it even worth their trouble to turn their feet from us."

"Not so," kindly whispered the Forget-me-not. "Why, from what you say, one would think man altogether cruel and unjust towards us. But I can disprove your reproaches. Are we not their favorite ornaments on all festive occasions? Are we not always the chosen messengers of their holiest feelings—their love?"

"Those days are long since passed," peevishly rejoined the Sour Sorrel. "Does not man, bloated with pride, think himself able to change even the creator's work—aye, improve it? He seeks to imitate us with his miserable painted paper rubbish, and would even make us more beautiful. What does he wear now? us or those contemptible imitations? When, too, are we the messengers of his love, except when he has nothing better? The flower-language has long since become unfashionable, and is now only ridiculed as sentimentality."

"I would not complain of all that," remarked the Lily; "for how can man respect feelings he does not comprehend. But then he should not deny us those which

are perfectly apparent. For instance, when night is past and morning light enables us to look around, one or more of our companions are always missing, either having drooped their heads in the evening twilight, or having been stripped of their foliage by some rough night wind. Then we mourn, and tears hang in our eyes. Man sees this, but, taking no trouble to discover its cause, says it is not the signs of our feelings and sorrow, but only the dew which the morning mist has left on us."

This proof of man's injustice must have been very convincing, as, for a moment, nothing was said either in reply or in addition to it.

Not far from me a group was gathered around a brilliant and lofty Poppy. I had already noticed that they had their heads close together, and had taken no part in the conversation which flattered me so little. As soon as the pause occurred, the Cowslip, ringing her little bell, exclaimed: "Hush! hush, sisters! The Poppy will tell us a story!"

"The Poppy is telling a story! Hush! hush!" passed quickly round, and all began listening. Even the Reed had just finished his long ditty.

The Poppy rose on her graceful stem, and glancing around, bowed once or twice on every side. I had expected that she would have required herself to be pressed once or twice, pleaded hoarseness, or at least have made many excuses; but such cannot yet be the fashion among flowers, for she immediately began—

"You wish to hear me. Well, I will tell you a gray, old tradition, handed down in our family from generation to generation; according to which we Poppies owe our existence to a very curious circumstance. You must not think that all flowers were strewn at once

over the earth. Far from it; one followed the other, and every thing happened then very much as it does now in Spring."

"How is that?" quickly interrupted the Gossip-rose.

"Ask the Daisy. She is always one of the earliest," replied the Poppy; "and then don't interrupt my story again."

The Daisy was generally but little noticed, and was considered rather simple by men; while her cousin, the *Pensez-à-moi**—merely from having enjoyed more cultivation—was far more highly esteemed. She was therefore both pleased and confused at being called upon to speak. A slight blush mantled her little white petals, as probably you have often noticed in this little flower. Then raising her head gratefully to her lofty patron, and waiting for nothing further, she related as follows:

"What harm we ever did Winter, that he is so cruel to us, poor flowers, I do not know, and opinions vary on the subject. But it is certain that he cannot tolerate us, and never rests till he has driven us all from off the earth. His reign, however, is not forever, and Spring, our best friend, succeeds him. Sad indeed does *he* look when he finds none of all the beautiful children whom, when departing, he had so affectionately entrusted to Summer; and when he is compelled to cover his long hair with a gray veil, because there is neither leaf nor flower from which to weave a garland. Gently passing his warm hand over the earth, he beckons and calls unto his favorites, no one of whom has yet dared to raise its head, so much has

rough Winter frightened them.—Nor is this fear groundless. Oftentimes, when far advanced in his course, has Winter returned and destroyed us. Some flowers possessing an especially cheerful disposition, do not make Spring wait long, but come quickly forth. Such is the good little Violet. But when she looks around and sees the earth so bare, and so few of her sisters awake, she too becomes alarmed and hides her head beneath her green leaves. Man calls this modesty, but 'tis rather fear. Filled too with an earnest longing after her companions, she breathes forth this yearning in her fragrant odors. Poor little Violet! Thy desire is never stilled! Thy day is past long before other flowers appear! Still longing for us, however, she sometimes returns for a few days in Autumn, and then is her desire gratified. Hence it is that she breathes forth no more such sweet odors as on her first appearance."

"You see now what happens in Spring," continued the Poppy. So also was it at the creation. One flower followed the other. At the time, however, to which my story relates, most of us were in existence, and the earth was beautiful indeed. Joy and peace reigned universally. Man and beast lived harmoniously, and from morning to night nought was heard but songs of praise.

One being alone—the only one in this wide, wide world—had no share in this universal happiness; but sadly wandered over the new born earth. It was Night. Do you ask the reason? Alas! in this world, where every thing had companions, she only was alone; and

* The sarcasm meant to be conveyed by the use of a French word, would be lost by translating it either Tansy or Heart's-case. The Germans, like the rest of the world at present, ape the French, and consider the acquirement of their language, and its constant (mis) use—out of season more than in season—among the most desirable accomplishments.

can there be happiness with none to share it? Then, too, though she would gladly have concealed it, Night felt that she alone was shunned and unloved by other beings. For no matter how lavishly she lit her lamps, she still hid earth's beauty from man and beast; and this estranged all from her. They did not openly, it is true, find fault with her; but then the song of joy which greeted the morning sun, showed only too plainly how little they loved her. Amiable and affectionate herself, this grieved her sorely; and covering her head with her thickest veil, she wept forth her bitter sorrow.

This greatly excited our sympathy; and, as all shunned her, we resolved, even though unable to still her sorrow, to render her as happy as possible. But we had nothing to offer but colors and perfumes; and for the former of these, Night never cared much. So we saved our best perfumes for her. Some, indeed, like the Night-violet, would emit none by day, but offered it all to her; a custom which she observes even to this time. Still this could not comfort the sorrowing one; and bowed with grief, she threw herself before the Creator's throne.

"Almighty Father," she cried, "Thou seest how happy all thy creatures are. I only wander joyless, and alone, and unloved upon earth. I have none to whom I can turn in my sorrow. Day flies from me; how fast soever I hurry after him, and like him, all creatures turn from me. Pity me, Almighty Father! Pity my grief, and give me a companion!"

The Creator smiled in sympathy—granted her prayer—created Sleep, and gave him to her for a companion. You can easily tell that a smiling God created him, for he is universally loved and dis-

penses nought but blessings, happiness and consolation. Night received her friend with open arms, and then indeed did a different life begin for her. No longer solitary, all hearts were drawn unto her; for now when she drove Day from the earth, Sleep, the favorite of all living creatures, always accompanied her. Other joyous beings, too, soon joined their train—the children of Night and Sleep—Dreams. Roaming with their parents over the whole earth, these soon made friends with men, at this time themselves but children at heart. Alas! this soon changed. Passions woke in men, and their spirits became darker and darker.

Evil society soon corrupts children, and thus from their intercourse with men, some Dreams became frivolous, deceitful and malicious. Sleep marked this change, and wished to drive them from his train; but their brothers and sisters plead for them. "Leave our brothers," they said. "They are not as bad as they seem; and, moreover, we promise, as much as in us lies, to repair whatever they injure in their wantonness." The father yielded, and thus the evil dreams remained in his train. However, as experience shows, these associate only with wicked men.

Man became worse and worse. One beautiful night, there lay a man upon the grass. Night and Dreams approached him in vain. Sin allowed them no power. A fearful thought had possession of his soul. He meditated a Brother's murder. Fruitlessly Sleep shook on him the soothing drops from her magic wand. In vain did Dreams surround him with their gay pictures. He always repulsed their gentle influence. At last, Sleep exclaimed to his children—"Let us hence! this man is not worthy of our gifts." And they departed.

When far away, Sleep, half the Dreams have become bright, angry that his wand had so badly served its purpose, struck it into the ground. The Dreams sportively hung on it the light, joyous and gay pictures which they had wished to give to the man. Night noticing this, breathed life into the staff, so that it put forth roots, and became green. As a plant, it still conceals somniferous drops, and the gifts of

delicate and floating leaves. Such is our origin.

The tale was ended. The flowers bowed their thanks. Morning dawned. As it became light, the leaves of the Centifolium glided through the forest; and stopping at each flower, whispered a sad farewell. Tears glistened in all eyes.

THE MESSENGER ROSE.

If you have seen a richer glow,
Pray, tell me where your roses blow!
Look! coral-leaved! and—mark these spots!
Red staining red in crimson clots,
Like a sweet lip bitten through
In a pique. There, where that hue
Is spilt in drops, some Fairy thing
Hath gashed the azure of its wing,
Or thence, perhaps this very morn,
Plucked the splinters of a thorn!

Rose! I make thy bliss my care!
In my lady's dusky hair,
Thou shalt burn this coming night,
With ev'n a richer crimson light.
To requite me thou shalt tell,
What I might not say as well,
How I love her; how, in brief,
On a certain crimson leaf
In my bosom, is a debt
Writ in deeper crimson yet.
If she wonder what it be,
(But she'll guess it, I foresee,)
Tell her that I date it, pray,
From the first sweet night in May!

EUROPEAN CORRESPONDENCE.

NO. IX.

CONSTANTINOPLE, }
 May 20, 1857. }

Dear Sir: You see that I am still out of Christendom, still beyond the region of beavers and boots, of petticoats, bustles, and bonnets, of hacks, and almost of roads and stores. No bell calls the weekly worshippers to the shrine, but three times every day a sepulchral voice is heard above the house tops and the domes of the mosques, like a long wail coming from the depths of the air, proclaiming that man must die and be judged, and that even while living he stands in need of holy council and comfort. The strength of the religious feeling forms a striking feature in the character of the people here. It is the month Ramazan—the month of fasting and prayer—and it is impossible not to be vividly impressed with the great difference between its observance and that of Lent. The law of the great Prophet commands that true believers shall not touch food nor drink—not even smoke their pipes, from the rising of the sun to the going down of the same, during this month, and they obey almost to a man. I had two Turks rowing me the other day for eight hours. I stopped to take something to eat, and offered my Turks, after ten hours of waking fast, anything they might wish, and they refused with a promptness which prevented me from renewing my invitation. But whenever a people are strongly and honestly convinced of the truth of their religion, they are naturally intolerant. This you see at every turn.

VOL. II.

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It is with the greatest difficulty that you can gain admittance into the mosques, and when once admitted, you can easily perceive, by the expression of the Moullahs, that they consider it a sacrilege. Last Friday I was tip-toeing at the door of a mosque into which the Sultan had just entered. A descendant of the prophet was standing by, with green turban and bare legs, and seeing me, his face darkened into a scowl, and he looked as if he could have sprung upon and strangled me. The next minute he seemed to recollect the impossibility of crushing even an infidel in this summary way, and his expression changed into despair. He motioned me to enter, with gestures that said, it is all over with us and our religion—go in, desecrate the holy place, and trample upon the faith—we suffer such things now. I could not repress a smile at the excitement which my presence seemed to cause him. His countenance immediately resumed its ferocious expression; he snatched at the sabre of one of the officers in attendance, and when he was not suffered to take it, he gave himself up to violent gesticulations, signifying his hate and scorn, and that the more proper way of expressing these would be by cutting my throat. This man was evidently from the interior, where there are millions to whom these same feelings are, or would be, if a chance offered, laws of action.

They tell me there is a man in Damascus, in an official position, who, by his holy life, has acquired the reputation of a saint, and so

great is the respect displayed for him, whenever he walks in the streets the people all kneel down before him. A hundred other instances like this, which meet the traveler at every step, even in Constantinople with its European inhabitants and European trade, show that religious influence is still strongest in that region of the earth which has been the birth-place of so many and such powerful creeds; and that here more than elsewhere, it may still be looked to as a motive power for producing regeneration or revolution. I went, as I have said, to see the Sultan go into the Mosque. The cry of the "Muezzin," as you know is sounded from the minaret at 12 M. precisely; but the rich and powerful, for the most part, are liberal if not lax in their religious observances, and the good Osmanlis had been groaning and condoling with one another over the decline of their religion, (which they said would be no better than the Christian in the next generation,) for a full hour and a half before the Sultan, mounted on his grey Arabian mare, made his appearance through the handsome marble Corinthian gate-way that leads from the palace. This gate-way is a little smaller than the arch of Trajan, which it much resembles, except that there are no bas-reliefs, and it is richly decorated with Arabesque mouldings. The gates themselves are of gilded bronze, and would probably have been a heavy load even for Sampson. Two circular wings, which curve out from the portal, are terminated by two small square chambers. In the one on the right the imperial officers of the guard, to the number of about fifty, were collected; in that on the left, eight Pashas were in waiting. The latter had arrived on foot with their at-

tendants. Among them I saw the famous Omar Pasha, a man rather above middle size, and of wiry build. His head is small, and the quick motion of his eye, his smile equally rapid, and a certain freedom and nonchalance about his gait, give him an air of good natured daring. Reschid is a small Jewish looking, chunky fellow, with a grizzly beard. Bonhomme and a certain diplomatic acuteness are mingled in his expression. I saw him a day or two before, getting into his steam yacht. He was then accompanied by his fool—a large, square built, square featured, grey headed Turk—whose whole bearing was irresistibly comic. The fellow is dumb; and he and the Grand Vizier were cracking their jokes together on their fingers.

The Sultan, as I have said, made his exit from the gate. At first he seemed deadly pale, but this was somewhat lessened as he approached, and I saw before me a man of medium stature, about twenty-eight years of age apparently, with dark hair and beard, both cut close. He looked like one who had been shattered by some violent nervous excitement, as if he were completely worn out, and is decidedly the most used up Monarch in appearance that I have seen. There was some stolidity too in his bearing, but his hand trembled as he smoothed down his dress; and when his eye met mine, as it did once or twice, he turned it away with a precipitation that rendered you almost as uneasy as the steady stone gaze of Louis Napoleon. He was dressed in loose black pantaloons, and long black slouch surtout, the collar and wristbands of which were embroidered with diamonds. His *coiffure* consisted of a deep colored fez, the same as the Pasha's soldiers and boatmen here all wear. It is simply

a small smoking cap, made of red flannel, with a heavy silk tassel. His gloves were of sky-blue silk, and altogether, as to dress, about as simple an "ensemble" as a sovereign could well choose. The bridle of his horse, however, was covered with heavy plates of gold, surrounded by diamonds, which were also profusely worked in among the gold embroidery of his large crescent pointed saddle cloth. Although there was somewhat of a crowd collected, he was saluted by no one, except now and then, when some petitioner lifted up a paper to him. These were taken by officers in attendance, and the Sultan paid no notice whatever to them. So, when on approaching the gate of the Mosque, the eight Pashas came forward to meet him on foot, bent their knees to him, touching the ground with their right hands, uplifted them to their mouths and head, to signify that they kissed the ground under his feet—he in no manner recognized their presence. Indeed, no sooner had the Pashas performed this reverence, than they abruptly turned their backs to the Sultan, and walked on before him through the gate.

Yesterday I met the Harem, including the Sultan's three sons, all at the grand Bazaar. They were in about thirty carriages or more, of the most curious shapes, of every variety of color and of quality, from the miserably faded, without springs, swung on leather straps between the four wheels, and drawn by quite scrubby horses, in which the old women rode, to the magnificent equipage of the Sultana. Except the latter, which contained the Sultan's favorite alone, every vehicle held four females, and its elegance was proportioned to the beauty of those who rode in it. Here was a real aristocracy of

beauty. The escort consisted of two or three soldiers on foot for the handsomer turn-out, and about twenty negro eunuchs in all; long, awkward fellows they were, but well mounted on full bred, magnificently caparisoned Arabian horses. A Greek ran at the stirrup of each. Besides, there was an Arab interpreter who ran along at the window of each carriage, ready to receive the commands of the ladies; with whom, indeed, they were laughing and talking all the while. There was nothing peculiar in the appearance of these women, except their dress and dyed eyebrows. The former displayed only a large wrapper, in which they were completely enveloped, and a veil of white muslin drawn closely over the brow, and joined by another which covered the lower part of the face as high up as the middle of the nose, so that the eyes alone were entirely exposed, although the rest was seen through the cloud of muslin; through which, too, I think it showed to greater advantage, while the dull eyes acquired peculiar brilliancy by the contrast. That the carriages were obliged to move the whole time at the slowest walk, was not all astonishing; and it was a wonder they could proceed at all, for it is only with the greatest caution that a foot passenger can preserve his equilibrium in the streets of Stamboul. They are not paved, but are filled with large angular stones, which (having been flung there at random,) were afterwards shaken into their places by an earthquake. And the streets covered with filth, and twisting into the most inconceivable crooks, are only in keeping with the mean appearance of the houses. They are built of wood, and painted green, blue, red and yellow, with the second story projecting over the first, and

sustained by braces. The country while the projecting eaves favor
houses are built for the most part the same end by affording shade.
in a cross shape, or in a compound The celebrated Bazaars are noth-
cross, so as to expose a great many ing more than shanties, one side of
sides and angles; undoubtedly a which lifts up on hinges and exposes
great advantage in a warm climate, the whole interior.

HERNDON.

Ay, shout and rave, thou cruel sea,
In triumph o'er that fated deck,—
Grown holy by another grave,
Thou hast the *captain of the wreck*.

No prayer was said, no lesson read,
O'er him, the soldier of the sea,
And yet for him, through all the land,
A thousand thoughts to-night shall be.

And many an eye shall dim with tears,
And many a cheek be flushed with pride,
And men shall say—here died a Man;
And youth shall learn how well he died.

Ay, weep for him, whose noble soul
Is with the God who made it great,
But weep not for so proud a death—
We could not spare so grand a fate.

Nor could Humanity resign
That hour, which bids her heart beat high,
And blazon Duty's stainless shield,
And set a star in Honor's sky.

Oh dreary night! Oh grave of hope!
Oh sea, and dark unpitying sky!
Full many a wreck these waves shall claim
Ere such another heart shall die.

Alas, how can we help but mourn
When hero bosoms yield their breath,
A century itself may bear
But once the flower of such a death.

So full of manliness—so sweet
With utmost duty nobly done,
So thronged with deeds, so filled with life,
As though with death that life begun.

It *has* begun, true gentleman!
No better life we ask for thee,
Thy Viking soul and woman heart,
For ever shall a beacon be—

A starry thought to veering souls,
To teach it is not best to live;
To show that life has naught to match
Such knighthood as the grave can give.

THE HOUSEHOLD SKELETON.*

Could Guido's picture of Beatrice Cenci be divested of its deeply mournful expression, you would have an exact likeness of Signora Agnese Guerini, as I first saw her wandering in the Villa Reale, at Naples. There was the same delicate beauty in the face, the same broad forehead, arched eye-brows, and "eyes beautifully tender and serene." But unlike that wretched picture of the unhappy Beatrice, not one shadow of despair rested on the lovely countenance of Signora Agnese; there was a look of inward peace, of calm content, that shed a light of peculiar beauty over the features of her radiant face. As I saw her moving serenely amid the fountains and statues that gleam out from among the flowers and trees of the Villa Reale, I said, "there surely walks the happiest woman in all Naples. No sorrow has ever shaded her brilliant path, no unhappy love saddened her girlhood, no torturing doubt, no cruel death. Wealth has emptied its golden store at her feet; and love, satisfied love, has filled up the measure of her passionate yearnings. No marvel that content decks her brow like a regal diadem; for what has her heart ever known of sorrow, that world-wide heritage? Over a flowery path she passed from girlhood to womanhood, and now stands before me the beautiful type of complete happiness." Thus I mused whilst the lovely Signora, with her calm, high brow and serene eye, swept past me, arrayed with regal splendor.

Time brought us nearer together, and, in the course of our acquaintance, I disclosed to her my thoughts. Seated one day in her princely apartment, in the street of St. Lucia, I was silently watching the quiet happiness that irradiated her lovely face, whilst her eyes were fixed in contemplation on the beautiful scene without. The far-famed Bay of Naples stretched its blue length of waters before us, girt with picturesque islands and luxuriant shores. In the distance, we caught the faint outline of conical Vesuvius, at whose fiery foot sleep the villages of Portici and Resina.—Above all, floated in feathery lightness countless clouds tinged with a golden hue. It was from the contemplation of this charming picture that the Signora withdrew her eyes, to answer my question, and refute my confident assertion.—"Signora, you are the only completely happy person I have ever met with. Pray, tell me, did your soft dark eyes ever swim in a troubled sea of tears?" She sighed—a sigh from her very heart; how strangely it sounded—that note of woe, like the wailings of a minor key in a marriage song. "Yes, Signora," I persisted, though the echoes of the sigh yet lingered on my ear; "surrounded by wealth, by love,"—again she sighed "how joy-winged are your moments; no regrets for the past, no haunting memories for the future." She raised her eyes, and looked at me; it was the calm despair of the Cenci's eyes that met me now. I heeded it not, as I continued, "O,

* For the leading idea of this story we are indebted to Chambers' Miscellany.

why has sorrow ever pursued my steps; hope after hope paled, then died forever; the horrible spectre of poverty menacing me in the distance; death bearing off those I best love, and love itself bringing me only tears, regrets, despair? Whilst you, happy Signora—"Have known all this," she said meekly.

"Impossible; joy is your dower, content its consequence."

"Joy!" she said, in a low, sad tone; "I have rarely known the delights of joy."

"But look at all this glittering wealth, Agnese."

"Ah! wealth is not happiness. Yes, I have coffers of jewels, but they only mock me with their brightness."

"Well, you have true wealth; you love and are beloved, Agnese."

She shuddered, and said with passionate earnestness, "O, yes! love is indeed true happiness. But, come with me, and I will show you all that I have left of that enchanting joy."

Slowly I followed her through a long gallery, where the light fell on rich pictures, and gleamed on the cold beauty of marble statues. Here hung the "*Ecce Homo*," with its calm, holy eyes; and the "*Entombment*," by Raphael, with its bowed figures of touching grief. Here marble Niobes' and statues of Diana stood side by side, with Bernini's skull and Sleeping Child, emblems of life and death. But I lingered not to note these rare gems of art, as wonderingly I followed my silent conductress through the long gallery. At length we reached a door, which she unlocked, and we entered a small room dimly lit by a lamp that hung from the ceiling. No window through whose crevices the blessed light of day could steal, illumed that dreary room; no furniture stood there

save a time-worn couch. From the ceiling to the floor hung a black curtain, that swayed mournfully as the Signora closed the door hurriedly. With a trembling hand she moved aside the funeral drapery, and fastened it back. O, horrible sight! There hung a grim skeleton from a beam. What meant this awful mystery—this deathly spectacle? and, faint at heart, I sank down on the couch before the dreadful sight. Calm as one of her own marble statues, and as white too, stood Agnese; but her crimson lip quivered with a grief that she seemed powerless to express. "O, what means this, Agnese," I asked, in tones of agony. She seated herself beside me and said: "You say that I am the happiest woman in all Naples. How far you are right you yourself shall judge; it is for this I have brought you here. Listen."

Slowly swung the dim lamp from the ceiling; a cold, chilling atmosphere seemed to surround us; and the grim skeleton grinned in fearful hideousness from the beam. I gathered closer to the Signora, and looked up into her face. How sadly it gleamed out from amidst the gloom that enshrouded us, pure, pale, spiritual.

At length she spoke. "My father belonged to a decayed noble family of Rome. We lived in an obscure part of the city, in a gloomy old palace, with a court supported by granite columns, and adorned with antique friezes. Here my father spent his days; silent and reserved, he pondered on the changed fortunes of his family, and rarely went forth to mingle with his fellow-man. My mother could be generally found on her knees, before the image of the blessed Virgin and Child, in the church of St. Agostino. I roamed with my cousin Carlo at will; when he grew weary of painting, we

sallied forth into the streets of Rome. We visited the picture galleries, and stood entranced before world-renowned statues. Together we strayed over the beautiful villas that surround Rome, and made excursions to fairy-like Tivoli. For days we would linger amid its beautiful cascades and temples, and explore its wild and enchanting scenery. I love, with my very soul, every thing that is beautiful—painting, poetry and sculpture; and in Carlo I found that sympathy which is the very element of love. I loved him with every feeling of my heart, every impulse of my being. Of the world without I knew nothing; he was my world, my life. I could not imagine an existence separate from him. He had strengthened every fibre of my soul, developed all that was good in my nature, and taught me how it is possible that man, though loftier than woman, can blend his being with hers in perfect and delightful harmony.—All this I learned; but I learned, too, that deep sorrow that so often companions true love. The Bridge of St. Angelo witnessed our first love vow—a vow that said farewell. I clung to Carlo in my despairing sorrow. ‘You cannot, you will not leave me,’ I said, and I burst into a passionate fit of weeping. He calmly said, ‘Agnese, this is childish; three months will soon wing their flight.’ His calmness soothed me—it always did. I was so fiery, so passionate, so unsubdued—ah! how calm I have grown since; whilst he was so quiet, so gentle, yet so strong and true. I was a child in years, but a woman in love; yet I hushed my sobs—I drove back the burning tears, and, looking calmly into his face, I pronounced the dreadful severing word—*addio*. He pressed a kiss upon my brow—such a kiss as a brother gives his favorite sister—

tender and warm, yet passionless and quiet. Feeling always possesses me with a stern force; and I have to struggle with it in mighty conflict before I can gain the mastery. But in silence, as deep as that of midnight, I carry on the battle. I struggle, and I wrestle; then, when I have conquered, I go forth into the world with a calm brow and serene eyes. The victory once mine, I carefully avoid whatever will touch the spring of remembrance. Thus, I never approach the Bridge of St. Angelo; for there were whispered to me the sweetest words that can fall on woman’s ear—‘*thou art beloved*!’ and there I heard life’s saddest sound—farewell. I had successfully taken my first lesson in silent suffering, and calmly awaited the slow flight of that long three months. In the meanwhile, my father urged my marriage with Signor Guerini. I entreated—I implored; was I not as sacredly Carlo’s as if the priest had pronounced over us the nuptial blessing? How I shrank from that fierce man, and his gorgeous gifts of flashing jewels; and how my troubled thoughts took refuge in the pure—the deep love of my girlhood!

“Months passed; Carlo came not. I struggled—I prayed against my fate; every expression of love from Guerini only drove my heart farther from him, and filled it with yearnings for the presence of Carlo. But parental authority prevailed. Carlo came not, and, an unwilling bride, I was led to the altar by Guerini. I had been his wife a few months; in two days we were to leave Rome for Naples. One morning, in leaving the church of St. Agostino, a note containing these few words, was placed in my hand: ‘Meet me on the Bridge of St. Angelo.’ I turned pale—I trembled. Carlo had come again;

and I—alas! alas! I struggled with duty and feeling; I longed once more to clasp his hand, and to tell him all my love and all my woe. The struggle ended, and I went. My heart beat wildly as I approached the bridge; there he stood, with the same patient smile; the same calm, lofty brow. All the love of my girlhood rushed over me in fiery billows as it were, at the sight. ‘O, Agnese,’ he said, ‘at last, at last—have we met at last!’ I could not answer; joy, love, despair bowed my head and sealed my lips. ‘I was ill—I could not come sooner,’ he continued; ‘but I am here at last.’ Too late—too late, I sobbed out, and with agonized grief I told him all. I plead for pardon—for pity—and, O my Father, I looked up to thee, and asked for peace. He soothed me with gentle comfort; but not one word of reproach passed his lips. I extended my hand to bid him farewell forever. At that instant a sword gleamed in the air; one moment more, and it was plunged into his body. He fell. I shrieked loudly; and as I looked around, I caught the glaring eye of my husband, and sank senseless on the ground.” The Signora paused. I looked at her; she was deadly pale, whilst large drops of agony beaded her white brow. I shuddered.—“What a fearful story! How spectrally gleams the lamp overhead—how dismally hangs the black curtain! O, let us escape, Signora, from the presence of this awful skeleton! How could I think you the happiest woman in all Naples?

What outward token was given me by which to tell of the stormy waves that have beat so cruelly upon your heart.” “Hush!” she said, “let me finish. For weeks I lay ill; when I awoke to consciousness, I found myself in Naples.—One day my husband led me hither, and drew aside this curtain. I shuddered and shrank back. ‘Ah! ah!’ he laughed, mockingly; ‘do these dry bones alarm you? Methinks you once loved the clasp of these bony arms; sight will soon accustom you to this hideous form, for before this grim skeleton, each day shall you say your matins and your vespers.’ He closed the door, and was gone, whilst I was left trembling with terror, standing aghast before this awful skeleton.” I grasped her arm; and who? was all my trembling lips could utter. “Carlo,” she answered calmly; “this is all I have left of Carlo; and, believe me,” she added, “there lives not that person whose happiness is worth wishing for; in every house there hangs a black curtain, and behind it swings a skeleton.

Faint, exhausted, terrified, I sought my home to ponder on this horrible story. Powerfully had been conveyed to me a deeply important lesson. Content flowed in upon me with a flood of brightness. No longer I wished for gems that flashed upon other brows—nor love that grasped with passionate fondness other hands. And now, what Signora Agnese said to me I say to you:—“*Envy not the seeming happiness of others; for, believe me, there is in every house a skeleton.*”

THE ROMANCE AND EARLY HISTORY OF THE AMERICAN ISTHMUS.

The first colonization in the new Continent was proved in a celebrated law case, to have been decided by the flight of a flock of parrots. So trivial a circumstance, on no less authority than Humboldt's, "undeniably exercised an influence on the course of the world's destiny." According to the narrative of the distinguished historian of the Cosmos, Columbus found himself, on the 7th of October, 1492, in the parallel of $25^{\circ} 30'$; and, uneasy at not discovering the coast of Japan, which he had calculated to be near, he was persuaded by the commander of the *Pinta*, to alter his course, which would have borne him to Florida, and thence, probably, by the Gulf Stream, to Cape Hatteras and Virginia; and to steer toward the southwest, which change of direction brought him, in a few days, to the Island of Guanahani—"a circumstance," remarks Humboldt, "of incalculable importance, since if Columbus had resisted the counsel of Martin Alonso Pinzon, it might have been the means of giving to the United States of North America a Catholic Spanish population, in the place of the Protestant English one by which these regions were subsequently colonized." Pinzon, who commanded the caravel *Pinta*, had said to the admiral that "his heart told him" (*el corazon me da*;) that they ought to steer in a different direction. Of this singular counsel, Humboldt says: "It was on the strength of this circumstance, that in the celebrated law suit which Pinzon carried on against the heirs of Columbus between 1513 and 1515, he mentioned that the discovery of America was alone due to him. This inspi-

ration, emanating from the heart, Pinzon owed, as was related by an old sailor of Moguez, at the same trial, to the flight of a flock of parrots, which he had observed in the evening flying toward the southwest, in order, as he might well have conjectured, to roost on trees on the land. Never has a flight of birds been attended by more important results. It may even be said that it has decided the original distribution of the Roman and Germanic races of man."

Since the first Spanish settlements in America, the location of which was determined by so singular a circumstance as that just related, the Isthmus, in its early and traditionary history, even to the present moment, has afforded rich and peculiar fields of romance—unhappily neglected, as we must confess that they have been, by the authors in this class of literature.

The Isthmus (properly included between the eighth and nineteenth degrees of north latitude,) was discovered in 1502. In that year, Columbus landed on the eastern shores of Central America, disembarking at Pt. Casmás, on the coast of Honduras. The interior of the country, however, was not explored, and the adventurous navigator continued his voyage along the coast, as far as the Gulf of Darien.

In the minds of the early Portuguese and Spanish navigators, the chief motive directing them to the regions of Central America, appears to have been the discovery of a passage to the South Sea, affording a shorter route to the Indies. The discovery of what was known at the time as the South Sea, (the *Mar del Sur*, afterwards called the

Pacific by Magellan,) by Vasco Nuñez Balboa, who, crossing the Isthmus of Panama, first caught sight of its waters, on the 25th September, 1513, gave rise to a series of exploring expeditions in quest of groups of the Asiatic "spice islands," in what was then supposed to be a part of the Indian Ocean, and principally in search of an inter-oceanic passage, through which the commerce of the two hemispheres might pass. The theory, or more properly speaking, the hypothesis that some such Strait existed, and that the continent of America did not extend uninterruptedly from the tropical regions to the northern latitudes of Newfoundland, was adhered to for many years with the utmost pertinacity, during the age of the Conquista, when the passion for discovery and adventure, no less than the love of gold, animated the breasts of ambitious and rival navigators.

In the year 1519, Gil Gonzalez de Avila, by virtue of an agreement with the King of Spain, authorizing him to explore a certain extent of country to the westward, embarked at Panama, and proceeded along the coast as far as the Gulf of Nicoya or San Luca, which had already been discovered by an exploring expedition sent out in the year 1514, by the Governor of Panama. The original design of this expedition seems to have been in a manner abandoned. Gil Gonzalez, after having disembarked, detailed a strong party for the exploration of the interior of the country. He visited and treated with the different Indian Caciques, and established the ceremonies of the Catholic faith in the strange country through which he passed; and having continued his expedition to the northward, he penetrated eventually as far as the city of Nequichori,

(now Grenada,) and discovered the Great Lake. There appears to have been no attempt made by Gil Gonzalez, in this early expedition to form a colony, or establish Spanish settlements in the country, although he was received peaceably and with many marks of favor by the Indians. After his limited exploration of the interior of the country, he returned to Panama, and sailed thence for Spain.

About this time, Pedrarias Dairla, Governor of Panama, or more properly of the province of Castilla de Oro, (the most northwestern part of South America,) who had sent out a former exploring expedition to the Southern portion of Nicaragua, and considered himself better entitled to the territory than Gil Gonzalez, availed himself of the absence of this adventurer, who had gone to Spain to prepare another expedition, to anticipate him in his views of conquering and settling the country. He commissioned Francisco Hernandez de Cordova to conquer Nicaragua, who set sail in 1522, and disembarked in the Gulf of Nicoya. Cordova founded the city of Grenada on the Lake of Nicaragua, and the city of Leon on the Lake of Leon or Managua. He disclaimed, however, the authority of Pedrarias Dairla, which revolt occasioned a division among his own troops, and was promptly put down. Cordova was taken captive and beheaded; and Pedrarias Dairla assumed the title and authority of Governor of the country, which he exercised tyrannically.

In the meantime, Gil Gonzalez, on his return from Spain, directed his course to Honduras, or Hibueras, as that part of the coast was then called. He founded the first Spanish settlement in Honduras, which was named San Gil de Buena Vista, and situated a little to the east of the Gulf of Dulce.

A third expedition, under the command of Christoval de Oli, arrived about the same period of time on the coast, having been dispatched from Mexico by Hernando Cortez, to take possession of the country in the name of the King of Spain. The account of this expedition is that they first landed, on the day of Santa Cruz, (3d May,) 1523, at a Bight of the coast, about fifty-five leagues east of the Gulf of Dulce, and that the place and the town, which was afterwards founded, was named in honor of the day, *Triunfo de la Cruz*.

This expedition disappointed the ambitious project, with which Cortez, from the first, had regarded the American Isthmus. Its leader revolted, and was afterwards harshly assassinated by one of Cortez's officers; and the affairs of the colony fell into great disorder and extremity. The intrepid conqueror of Mexico himself immediately resolved to penetrate into the country, and took the road with a small and select force of cavalry, and a few foot soldiers. The journey overland was no mean enterprise, and the details of its incidents and hardships, the acute sufferings of the party from hunger, and the interest taken by its zealous commander in founding settlements, building towns, and in exploring the topography and natural features of the country, altogether form a remarkable and important chapter in the early history of the Isthmus. At one time, the whole party were attacked by the most extreme hunger in the wilderness, about the Gulf of Dulce, and were on the point of perishing, when a vessel most opportunely arrived off the coast from Cuba, with a cargo of live stock. The results of the expedition were, however, scarcely proportionate to its hardships.—Cortez made a limited exploration

of the interior of the country, about the Gulf of Dulce, traveling mostly along the banks of its tributary, the Rio Grande, which was then navigated by Indian traders in small boats. Returning to the seashore, he embarked with all his troops in two ships and a brigantine, and founded a settlement at the port of Caballos, on which part of the coast he found a large native population. The most important enterprise of the expedition, was the foundation of the early settlement at Truxillo, where a comparative civilization seems to have been found among the natives, who are said to have been separated by regular municipal districts, governed by chiefs. Whilst Cortez was then, with the larger portion of his forces, actively engaged in building a town, and a Franciscan monk who traveled in his company, was busied with the religious conversion of the Indians, he was suddenly recalled to Mexico, by an express, with news of the disorders of the provisional government. He made immediate preparations to return secretly by sea. But on embarking at Truxillo, the vessel was delayed by storms, and the characteristic tradition is told by one of the ancient chroniclers of the expedition, that the Holy Spirit of God signified its instructions to Cortez, that the party should not return then to Mexico; but that they should remain to conquer and colonize the country. The return to Mexico was suddenly abandoned, and preparations made for extending the Spanish settlements into the interior. In the meantime the revolution in Mexico had assumed a more threatening aspect, and as news had been received there from Cortez, the plan was adopted to dispatch to Truxillo a Franciscan monk, who was a relative of his, and to whom he was much attached, for the purpose of

inducing him to return and quell the political disturbances of the government. This summons was not disregarded. Without further delay, Cortez and his party sailed for Havana, and proceeding thence to Mexico, landed at Vera Cruz, where they were received with boundless demonstrations of joy by the people, who came from every part of the country to kiss the hands of their great captain, and assure him of their devotion.

The conquest of Central America, however, had been fully determined upon, and was entrusted by Cortez to Pedro de Alvarado, the most distinguished of his generals. But little resistance was expected from the natives. Alvarado left Mexico with three hundred regular troops and a large body of auxiliary Indians; and leaving the track of Cortez's expedition along the coast, he penetrated into the interior of the country.

He encountered in the interior, particularly in the ancient district of Quezaltenango, a most determined resistance. The stories of the campaign are terrible. On the banks of a small stream called the Xiquigel in the Indian dialect, or River of Blood, there were fought, says the old chronicle, six successive battles with the Indians, before victory was determined for the Spanish invaders. It was with difficulty that the wild Indians, who had flocked to the standard of Alvarado, from Mexico, Cholula and Tlascala, could be restrained in their fury; and cities, of the magnificence of which we have such glowing accounts in the tales of the Conquista, were given to the flames, and entirely destroyed. The campaign was decisive. At its termination, in the year 1524, Alvarado was in possession of the larger portion of the country; and although it was some years before the natives were

completely subdued, they were too enfeebled and too much dispersed to present an organized resistance. Immediately after the conclusion of the campaign, Alvarado founded the city of Guatemala, and the whole country under that name was added to the immense dominions of Spain.

It seems that the Spaniards united with their plans of colonization of the ancient country of Guatemala, a zeal which was in a measure sincere, for the propagation of the Catholic faith; and with the first settlement of the country, a system of instructions and missions was organized. But there are unfortunately many proofs of the fact, that notwithstanding this care taken for the salvation of their souls, the Indians, although they invariably received the ceremonies of the new faith with perfect submission, were treated with great cruelty under color of religion, and were put to the severest tasks of labor by virtue of their vassalage, which the invaders compelled them in every instance to acknowledge formally. The simple and unwarlike tribes on the north coast are related to have received the invaders of their territory with submission, and to have welcomed them with the most joyful demonstrations. They flocked to the seashore to kiss the hands of their newly arrived masters, and to lead them, in barbaric state, through pathways strewn with flowers and to the music of shells, rejoicing like simple children over the wonder of an hour, which unconsciously involved their whole destiny.

But others of the native tribes, in the remote depths of the forests, proved to be fierce and warlike. It was this wild section of country, within the borders of what is now known as Honduras and divided by the Rio Tinto, (the Wanks,)

that was the especial theatre of the early missionary organizations and the labors of the devoted Padres. The pious expeditions of these men, who followed in the train of Conquistadores and penetrated even further than they into the wild interior of the country, are of the most romantic and touching interest.

The great religious enterprise of the Padres towards the beginning of the seventeenth century, seems to have been the conversion of the Xicagnes, residing in the valley of Olancho. They suffered great hardships in traveling over this wild and uncultivated country, being frequently deceived by their guides; and, although received with demonstrations of joy and welcome by a portion of the natives, others indicated a hostile disposition by appearing with spears in their hands, having their heads adorned with flowers and their faces painted black. On one occasion the pious party encountered on the banks of the Rio Tinto, a number of these savages wearing lofty plumes in their hair. The Padre Estevan boldly advanced and threatened the savages with divine wrath for their treason and idolatry; but in their exasperation they attacked him, and he was pierced to death by a spear, "while on his knees entreating the pardon of heaven for his murderers." A number of the Padres and of the troops who accompanied them, were slain by the excited savages. The ancient tradition of this deplorable occurrence, goes on to relate that the Indians celebrated their triumph by a grand banquet; one of the dishes of which was composed of the limbs of the martyred Padres, and that they used the skulls of their victims for drinking cups, and their vestments and sacred ornaments to adorn themselves in the succeeding

dance. But what is related as still more wonderful, the profanation was punished by a miraculous dispensation of Providence, as of "those who partook of the feast, many burst and others fell precipitately to pieces."

Another very miraculous, but beautiful incident, is embodied in the ancient accounts referred to, of the religious exploration of the country. A party of missionaries exploring the western bank of the Guayape, were suddenly met by a numerous party of Indians. The men were naked, with their bodies painted and their heads adorned with plumes; the women were painted red, their nakedness concealed by a small cloth, and their heads covered with garlands of flowers; and finally came an old man, presenting a most venerable appearance, with his long white hair floating over his shoulders. This patriarchal personage saluted the missionary party with a profound obeisance, making them to understand that they were welcome, and that they had been expected for a long time, but the Indians had supposed that they would come by land, and had therefore stationed watchmen on the summits of the mountains. The astonished Padres asked how it was possible the intelligence of their coming had preceded them. The old man replied, that one day while he was at work in the field, a beautiful white child, such as he had never seen before, appeared to him, and regarding him, said, with a lovely smile—"Know that thou wilt not die until thou art a Christian. Certain white men are about coming to you, whose garments are of the color of the earth and reach to their feet. They are the Ministers of God."

With such a characteristic religious romance, are the ancient tales of the adventures of the Pad-

res adorned. It cannot be doubted, however, that these zealous and devoted men endured great hardships, and that their religious enterprise was attended by many real adventures, accounts of which may still be gathered from the traditions of the people, by those desirous of exploring this field of romance.

The Conquista is, on the whole, a succession of the most brilliant and varied romances; the records of heroic adventure, being mingled with the traditions of superstition. But even more interesting than the tales of the Conquista, or the beautiful stories of superstition which have been preserved among the records of the expeditions of the bold Padres, into the dark valleys of Olancho, are the silent ruins of the immense cities, with the relics of their huge pyramidal architecture, and the statuary and hieroglyphs of ancient idolatry, still standing on the river banks and in the gloomy depths of the tropical forest.

In the ethnological relations of the early people who inhabited the North tropics, and left behind them the monuments of their civilization, is perhaps to be found at once the most difficult and interesting problem of American history.

At the time of the Conquista, the country of Guatemala was inhabited, as far as could be ascertained, by a race of the Teltucan origin, who were evidently of the same stock as the ancient inhabitants of the adjoining provinces of Mexico. The larger portion of the natives were known by contemporaneous historians as the Eniches; and an account is given of a tradition among them, that they were brought from Mexico by a prince or chief of the name of Nimaquiche. They appear to have been generally a simple and docile people. There were evidences,

however, then extant, of the existence, at a period comparatively recent, in those regions, of a people skilled in the arts of architecture and carving, who had been the founders of great cities, of many leagues in circumference, and of a magnificence almost equal to that of Mexico and Cuzco, and had adorned them with the monuments of a strange religion.

The spirit of inquiry was strongly awakened at first, to the early civilization of tropical America. In the year 1750, a party of travelers accidentally discovered in the gloom and tangles of the forest, the ruins of the ancient city of Palenque in Chiapas, covering a space of nearly twenty-four square miles in extent! What a monument, indeed, of true sublimity, these ruins standing in the deep shade and hush of the tropical forest, and crowned by the glowing associations of a lost and mute civilization!

Here is opened a field of romance, peculiarly rich and inviting, and yet comparatively unknown to the American traveler and author. The magnificent ruins of Baalbec, or of Thebes,

"The world's great Empress on the Egyptian plain,"

or the snow-white ruins of the ancient city of Palmyra, standing in the yellow sand of the desert, have drawn to their shrines and reliquaries, pilgrims and poet-worshippers from every quarter of the world. Why not, too, those of Palenque and of Copan, in the forests of the American Isthmus? It is the same impulse of the heart that we would invoke here, to look back upon the shadow of history, and to listen to the voices calling to us out of the gathered glooms of Time.

The discovery of the ruins of Palenque has given rise to various scientific explorations of Central

America and Yucatan, in search of evidences, both of monuments and religion, in relation to the ancient population of the country. The field of inquiry, however, has not yet been exhausted, although some most important discoveries have been made of late years. Ruins and ancient monuments, similar in style and hieroglyph to those of Palenque, exhibiting the same pyramidal style of architecture, and the same solemnity and severity of the sculptured forms, have been found in different portions of Central America, descriptions and engravings of which have been given to the scientific world by Mr. Stephens, among others, who visited the country twenty years ago on a diplomatic mission from our government. The most remarkable of these ruins are those of the ancient city of Copan, which are situated on the left bank of the Copan river, about three hundred miles from the sea. The architecture of these ruins particularly is described by Mr. Stephens as similar to that of the ruins of Palenque; and although evidently not derived from any of the classic or modern orders, is strangely similar in its pyramidal forms, and the hieroglyph and carving with which it is embellished, to the ancient Egyptian style.

The ethnological theories in which these antiquarian explorations have resulted, are as various and conflicting as the collections of facts have been partial and limited. Most readers will, doubtless, share the writer's uncertainty as to whether the founders of these ancient cities were of Egyptian or of Scandinavian origin, as has been ~~severally~~ conjectured by the learned; or whether, as contended in a third theory, some remnant of the pure stock of the early natives may not still exist in tropical America.

It would, however, be at least an injustice to public curiosity, to pass

over in silence the theoretical results of a late exploration of the country by the Abbé de Bourbourg. The Abbé is reported to have made some interesting discoveries of ruins in Guatemala, within the limits of which republic lies a large body of *terra incognita*; but, what is most remarkable, he professes to have discovered the most striking relics of various Scandinavian and Teutonic tongues in the ancient dialects of the country, which, with the additional proof of the Indian traditions, and of manuscripts written, if we are to credit the assertion, several centuries ago, and which have been curiously preserved, have served the learned French priest as a foundation for the singular theory that there was a migration into the country, which originally started from the North of Europe, and passed through the United States! He refers to a very obscure tradition of these supposed immigrants having crossed the North Atlantic, and supposes that they must have come from Denmark and Norway. The whole theory is intended to indicate the probability that the Northmen, a colony of whom were known to have existed in Massachusetts, and to have disappeared after the tenth century, may have passed in small numbers through the United States down to the Isthmus, and have lost their white blood by mixture with the Indians, whom they found there; and that, after all, the mounds and fortifications found in Western New York, Ohio, Tennessee, Arkansas, &c., may have been made by the same people, who have left the monuments of their civilization and religion in Yucatan and Central America.

What a beautiful romance in the history of the New World; but how strangely mingled is the charm of this romance with pain at the only half explained historical mystery which it involves!

THE VOICE, THE HAND, AND THE SILHOUETTE.

Concluded.

THE LETTER.

With feverish impatience I commenced the perusal of the letter. It was penned in that studied, precise hand-writing, so apt to be acquired by a foreigner, in learning the English language. The reader must decide for himself, whether the unsatisfactory, yet marvellous disclosures contained in it embody the achievements of an eccentric genius, trifling with inferior minds; or merely the boastings of an impostor. It ran thus:

"I am not surprised, Maxwell, that you failed to recognize me. The disguises I employed were impenetrable, because they were not artificial, except once or twice, when I used a black patch upon my cheek. There can be no physical disfiguration invented sufficiently deceptive to elude human vigilance. But once succeeded in disguising the mind, and you can laugh to scorn the most artful scheme for detection. No wonder, then, you could not recognize the sharper of New Orleans, in the idiot of Giessen; you will not be able to identify him to-morrow, with the misanthrope seeking forgetfulness in death.

"In the outset, let me correct one error into which you have fallen. You considered me your enemy; but, in fact, I never was your enemy. On the contrary, I entertain a friendship for you; and it is for this reason that I now address to you this fragmentary memoir of myself. You will think it a strange confession; but it is true. In human nature, most, if not all of the virtuous qualities exist through the consciousness, or sup-

pression of opposite vices. Adam and Eve could not know the Good until they had established the Evil. The miser, in hating his kind, locks up his affections in his coffers; and there never was a misanthrope seeking repose in cloistered walls, or in death, who did not leave behind him, in the world, some cherished object or being—a 'moss-covered bucket'—a mistress—or, perhaps, a dog. We cannot love unless we hate—and to hate we must love; though in concentrating the one passion, the opposite may be so distributed as merely to constitute what we call indifference. Know then, Maxwell, that you are the only being for whom I would cheerfully live, could I now rescue you from the grave; or for whom I would as cheerfully die, were I empowered to give you the life I intend to throw away to-morrow.

"It is scarcely two years since I was made acquainted with my real origin. In my early savage existence, I had an impression, vague as those glimmering recollections which we refer to an existence past in another world—an impression that I was the offspring of an avalanche. Until my fourteenth year, my world was a wild ravine, through which travelers occasionally journeyed. There were but two entrances to this ravine, and they were but fifty feet distant from each other. Travelers descended by one, and turning around a craggy point, ascended by the other. Midway between them was a hut, and in it lived an old goatherd. From this locality the gorge stretched

away, as it seemed, into the heart of the Alps. It was crossed in many places by frightful fissures; and the view of its extent cut off by the lapping of precipices, that leaned over from opposite mountain-sides. Upon these projections the avalanches gathered. Oh, how I watched their accumulation from day to day, and, while yet a child, supposed their refracted light to be my mother's smiles; and when they toppled over and roared in the chasms below, how I jumped up and danced, and clapped my little hands together with an enthusiasm that did not belong to my tender age! This love for the sublime was among my earliest emotions. It was, however, balanced by a hatred, which thirsted for revenge—a hatred which caused me to think of murder in my sixth year; for I was the slave of the old man, and when he beat me, (as he often did most cruelly,) a Demon seemed to rise and expand within my bosom. Driven from him by fear, and that cunning, dangerous hatred, which springs from fear, I sought the companionship of the antelopes, and they learned me how to leap, from crag to crag, across the giddy chasms. They came by night into the gorge, through the entrances just described, and made their escape in the same way; for the old man's aim with his Tyrolean gun was unerring, and he was still a cragsman of courage and singular activity.—Thrice I attempted to escape, but was caught and beaten; once I approached the old man with the intention of murdering him, when I thought he was asleep. But, seizing me by the arm, and dragging me into the moonlight, he exclaimed: "Ludwig, I could kill you, but that I am pledged to be your guardian. You can neither escape nor destroy me. Await, therefore, your destiny

with patience; and, meanwhile, let us be better friends. Here, wear this around your neck—it is yours, and may be of service to you." He threw a chain over my head, and thrust into my bosom a flat metallic object as large as my hand. I have worn it ever since—I wear it now, Maxwell,—it is the encased Silhouette of my father.

Time rolled on; I attained my twelfth year. I heard the travelers, during their short halt before the hut, speak of the world beyond the ravine, and I felt that I had a right to view it. I again began to plot for my escape, and at last my efforts were crowned with success. The following was the plan I adopted. Through my exercises among the crags, I had attained an almost superhuman agility. One of my feats consisted in springing perpendicularly several feet above some projecting rock, and descending upon its pinnacle with my outspread hands. I would then bring forward my knees upon my flexed elbows, and, thus poised, gaze down into some abyss, where darkness had settled like a mist. I could, from this position, vault several yards backwards or forwards. An accident, which nearly proved fatal, taught me that, in springing from the point whereon I was balanced, I communicated to it a powerful impetus. There was a boulder of many hundred tons lying upon the brink of one of those fissures crossing the ravine. I had often rolled large stones into it, and listened to their thundering reports, until they died away into the patterings of pebbles:—the depth was immeasurable. One day I amused myself in teasing a gemsbok. To get rid of my persecution he fled to the top of this boulder, whither I pursued him, throwing myself into my favorite attitude. But the animal was enraged, and presented his horn

to gore me. With all my strength I sprang back at least fifteen feet. The boulder was tilted over the precipitous brink—I heard the antelope's frightened bleat—I stood still, and shivered with terror;—for I thought the horrible crashes would never cease. This accident determined my course. If I could entice the old man to pursue me up the pathway, leading from the ravine, I could leap upon his shoulders, in the way already described, and, vaulting from him, gain a higher point, while I dashed him downwards by the reaction. But I thought that balancing myself upon a living, moving being, would be different from a firm rock: I, therefore, resolved to practice with a goat. I selected one of large size, and began by offering him battle after his own fashion. He reared upon his hind feet, and dashed at me in good earnest. In an instant I was in the air, and descended upon him with my hands grasping his horns, and my knees resting upon my bent elbows; imitating, in this way, the posture of a toad. The goat shook his head violently, to disembarass himself,—but in vain. He ran with me some distance, and I had the satisfaction to perceive that I held my position steadily, notwithstanding he leapt one of the widest fissures in the ravine. For two years I continued this practice, the old man approving it, because the astonished travelers who witnessed my feats, gave him presents of gold for me, which he invariably kept for himself. The time arrived, when I determined to test my plan. I told the old man what my intention was; but he only laughed scornfully.

"You can't escape me, Ludwig," he said; "for long before you gain the turn in the path, I can bring you back a corpse."

"No, no," I replied; "you have

told me that, in firing at a chamois running up a steep, there was danger of under-shooting him."

I made a rush to gain the pass on his right, but he confronted me. I then darted away towards the left hand gap, and was able to pass him. I would not venture more than a few feet beyond his grasp; because I knew that if he ever considered the chase hopeless, he would instantly send a deadly bullet on my track. When I had ascended about fifty paces up the pathway, I suddenly wheeled round, bounded into the air and lit upon his shoulders like an eagle. I couched down as a bird couches when it prepares to fly, and the next moment I had sprung backwards from the old man, and gained a footing several feet higher up the mountain-side. He fell, tumbling down the descent. When he reached the level of the ravine, he attempted to rise, but could not:—his thigh was fractured. I was free.

It is unnecessary for me to detail the progressive stages of my civilization. I had wandered to the town of Geneva, and entered into the employment of Herr Breilkoph, a manufacturer of musical boxes. He was pleased with my industry, and astonished at the rapidity of my progress in every branch of learning which I attempted. Nothing was too difficult for me; in fact, I mastered, in a short time, all that was known in science, and thirsted for new principles. I was surprised, nay, mortified, that the labor of centuries had accomplished so little. Looking beyond the extent of scientific discoveries, I saw an immense maze of unknown principles and powers, by the side of which the applications of steam and electricity were merely trifles. Indeed, the most brilliant inventions are not only the most insignificant, but scarcely

known beyond the first necessity they answered; hence their imperfection. To illustrate this fact, as well as to bring my singular career fairly to the reader's attention, I will relate the cause and manner of my separation from Herr Brietkoph. I had made a discovery—a very simple discovery—by which I could transfer, at pleasure, to the cylinder of a musical box, the notes of any given piece of music almost as rapidly as a printer could set up the same number of letters in a composing stick. I constructed a musical box, with a very large cylinder merely perforated with holes, into which my pins were to be inserted, and presented myself before my employer, to try its effects upon him. He was pleased with the improvement in tone, and the arrangement, by which *forte* and *piano* passages were played. I announced to him, that in four hours I could change the pins so as to play any piece of music he might select. He laughed—and in derision handed me a recently published fantasia of Listz. It was a piece of great length and difficulty; yet in the specified time I re-appeared before Herr Brietkoph, and set the box to playing. He remained motionless until the piece was finished, and then came forward to seize the box. I retreated with it before him until I gained a window, and then threw it into the lake.

You perceive here, Maxwell, the same tantalizing perverseness which characterized my behavior in the gambling saloon, where we first met. Why it is so, I know not. I have sometimes thought that, perhaps I had knowledge of facts centuries too soon for their legitimate development, and this whimsical stubbornness was implanted in my nature to prevent their untimely diffusion.

I left Herr Breitkoph to avoid

his importunity. He became a monomaniac, and passed his remaining days dragging the bottom of the lake for the wonderful musical box. Should it ever be found, the world will not be more delighted with its excellencies, than surprised at the marvellous simplicity of its contrivance.

I went to Paris. My object in seeking this gay metropolis, was to test another discovery I had made. It was this. In my mathematical recreations, I had established some formulæ by which I could remove from my mind all uncertainty in the calculation of chances. Certain experiments in the gambling houses of Paris proved the correctness of my theory, to the discomfiture of all the "*chevaliers d'industrie*" who frequented the Palais Royal. Do you remember how peremptory you were in your demand for a disclosure of the secret? It was a base desire on your part, growing out of your passion for a ruinous vice. In my own baseness I held you in contempt. You still desire the revelation, I know you do; but now it is from a very different motive. I love and honor you for it, and would gratify you, were it not that you are mistaken. It is your belief that the publication of my secret would, by destroying the uncertainty of games with cards and dice, remove all inducement for gambling. Now, vice exists by divine permission; and to attempt the *complete overthrow* of what we are commanded only to *resist*, is an error which daily misleads the noblest energies. Gambling is a vice, and one which must ever stand as a chief index of human depravity. No passion is so utterly demoralizing. Most fortunate is the man who can resist its allurements! It cannot be suppressed, even by divesting of hazard all the games which have been, or ever can be

invented; for in that case I verily believe that men would bet upon the uncertainty of human life, and further their innocent speculations by the "fine art" of murder.

I will here pass over much that might be interesting to you, in order to approach, at once, what will throw light upon some things which you must surely have found very perplexing. After many years rambling, I went to America, and took up my residence in New Orleans. Morse had just made known his invention of the Electrical Telegraph. I examined it, and was struck with its imperfections. At once I commenced experiments, and in a single week established what, in the ordinary modes of inquiry, will not appear, perhaps, for a century hence. The basis of my invention was the discovery that electricity and sound can be combined; or, perhaps it would be better to say, that electricity can be made the vehicle of sound. It will be sufficient to state that my apparatus consisted of a metallic mouth-piece, a galvanic battery of twenty pairs of plates, and a wire prolongation, all in connection. Whenever I spoke through the mouth-piece, my voice was inaudible at my lips, and could be heard only at the extremity of the wire. I soon found that to have words conducted to the end of the wire, in the ordinary tone observed in conversation, I must have a battery of thirty pairs of plates, and a wire of one twentieth of an inch in diameter; and that the result was precisely similar if the wire were twelve *inches*, or twelve *miles* in length. I also determined that sounds thus conducted were increased in their volume, in a ratio agreeing with the strength of the battery and size of the wire. Thus, I ascertained by calculation, that, with a conductor the diameter of a lightning-rod, and a battery

of a certain power, (I do not remember it at this moment,) if a pistol were fired through the mouth-piece, detonation would be produced at the extremity of the rod, sufficient to destroy a thousand men.

I know, Maxwell, that, purified as you are by sickness and suffering, you could not wish such an agent, as I have described, to be given to the world. In that millennial age, when the lamb can lie down with the lion, it might be entrusted to mankind; but so long as the perverting influence of avarice and ambition, hatred and cruelty, continues to misapply the creations of genius, the desires growing out of man's imperfections, can be best baffled by the imperfection of his inventions. It will be necessary for me to revert to this contrivance of mine:—for the present it is useless to give any further details.

I had often thought about my parentage. The Silhouette around my neck doubtless was the likeness of my father; else why should the old goatherd have presented it to me with the assertion that it was mine, and would be of service to me? I reasoned in this way month after month, until I determined to write to the old man of the ravine, with the hope that he still lived, and induce him, by the offer of a large sum of money, to disclose what he knew of my birth. It was to procure this money, that I resorted to the gambling saloon, where we encountered each other. How you deceived me! I thought, from your appearance, that you were a man of firm constitution; but you gave way under me like froth, and I suffered a severe sprain in slightly missing my foothold upon the window-sill.

I sent ten thousand dollars to agents in Geneva, directing them to search diligently for the old man.

They were ordered, should the search prove successful, to deliver to him the money and the letter accompanying it. Six months afterwards I received an answer from the old man himself. The disclosures he made startled me. I can condense them into the following brief account:—There once fell into the ravine, an immense avalanche from the precipice overhanging the old man's hut. It was in mid summer, and yet it required a month for the fragments of ice to melt, and be poured in cataracts down the fissures. The old man and his hut were buried by this avalanche; and he labored a long time in cutting himself a way out. The second day of his labor he discovered, in a thick stratum of snow, a man and a child. They were completely embedded, and in a state of torpor. After extricating, he carried them into his hut, where, through the means of heat properly applied, he restored them both to consciousness. The man was my father, and the child was—myself! I had around my neck the Silhouette, which I now wear. The old man removed it and kept it concealed, until he restored it to me, as I have already narrated. So soon as my father had collected his thoughts, he anxiously told the goatherd, that his wife must also be somewhere in the avalanche. With their united labor they recommenced the search, and never relaxed, until, when the ice all disappeared, the awful truth came upon them, that the unhappy lady had been washed by the torrents of melted snow into some one of the *chaams*. Passionate and bitter was my father's grief. He remained some time longer in the ravine, and then took his departure, leaving me with the goatherd, upon the following conditions: "Rear up my boy," ran old man's letter, re-

peating my father's words, "in ignorance of the world. Make him a hardy mountaineer, so that when I come to claim him in a dozen years, I may find him well developed in his frame, with his mind untarnished by the vices of mankind. As I prosper I will send provisions and clothing; and in the end reward you beyond your hopes." The letter then went on to recount what I have already mentioned, up to the time of my escape from the ravine. A few hours afterwards my father arrived to find that I also was lost to him forever; and to save the old goatherd from a miserable death. My agents had found him in a hospital, for incurable diseases, not far from Munich. He had been regularly supplied with money by my father, who had married again, and was living near Prague. I had a sister!

Enough! I felt that my past had been in vain—my whole life one grand mistake! I hastened back to Europe, and sought out my old-tyrant of the ravine, and learned further from him, that my father, Herr Hoffman, was on the point of emigrating to America, influenced by the belief that I had met with great success in some business.—His second wife had been dead for some time, and my half-sister was considered beautiful and of an age to marry. Here was a future opened for me! I would now reveal to the world *arcana* which should force the men of science to do me homage. I would shower wealth upon my sister; she should be enveloped in a halo of fame; she should be the bride of the first Prince in the world.

But, oh Maxwell, what a recoil! I fell like an extinguished rocket. In an instant I became an envenomed serpent—a demon; for a horrible scandal met me as I hastened to my father's house—a report that

my sister had been deceived—ruined by one Adolf Winther, the son of a wealthy banker. It was whispered to me, that as a *ruse* he consented, at his father's suggestion, to be imprisoned for a time, but that he designed soon to wed the daughter of a wealthy Baron. They sneeringly pointed out my sister to me. She was walking with a child upon her arm!

I heard no more. That very day I reconnoitered the banker's house. I saw him through the open window of his study. With a single bound I sprang into the middle of the apartment, with my hand upon the handle of my knife. Herr Winther, alarmed at the noise, threw his head back over the top of his chair. I had thought to stab him, but my purpose was instinctively changed by this position of his head. I—but why enter into details? You know well enough that the man was murdered, and richly did the villain deserve his fate. How I escaped detection, it is impossible to guess. Before that day had passed, I slew Bertha and her child. In the struggle, her right hand was stricken off, and accidentally dropt into my hat, which had fallen upon the ground. I recovered the hat, placed it on my head, and without being aware of what it contained, hastily made my escape. I had first, however, taken from the poor girl's neck a common paste-board Silhouette, and, while putting it into a side pocket, I forgot to secure my knife. Upon this Silhouette there was written in pencil:—*A token of love from Bertha to Adolf.* This confirmed all my suspicions.

My task was not finished. Adolf Winther yet lived. As I entered the city, I devised a more exquisite vengeance than could be found in blood—I determined to assassinate his mind. When I found the

hand in my hat, I thought my abetting demon had placed it there, for some subtle purpose, and, therefore, I preserved it in an anatomical jar.

I know not what became of my father. I never saw him more.

After examining various plans which I proposed to myself for carrying out this design, I selected sorcery—at least what would appear to be sorcery—as the most likely to secure success. You have witnessed the result, and it only remains for me to explain the mechanism of the mysterious voice. This phenomenon was produced through the agency of a galvanic speaking trumpet. I have already mentioned to you that the tone of this instrument was in a direct ratio with the size of the wire, and the strength of the battery. But it was clumsy, and altogether too ponderous. Thereupon I set to work, and constructed an instrument upon the converse of the above-mentioned fact, so that the diminution of tone should be in proportion to the minuteness of the wire, and the feebleness of the battery. Here I brought into requisition Wallaston's invisible platinum wire. The tenuity to which I drew out this metal, went far beyond the tenuity attained in the experiments of the English philosopher. He produced wires the thirty thousandth part of an inch in diameter, while mine were still smaller, as I could easily tell by my instrument. For the generation of the galvanic fluid, I selected the Voltaic pile. Instead, however, of flat disks, I used small cups, with the bottoms removed, fitting one into the other, so that the series formed a flexible tube, which always extended from my wrist up, under the right coat sleeve, to within a short distance of my mouth. In order to produce audible sounds

with this apparatus, I had to speak with all the vocal strength I could command. The effect was marvelous. Every word that passed along the invisible wire caused it to float about in the air like a feather. You little thought that those mild pensive tones which fell upon your ear, were uttered with the force of an Indian war-whoop. Winther nearly detected me once, by the mouth-piece slipping from my lips.

My plan was, as you no doubt perceived, to impress Winther with the belief that he was the victim of hallucination. But I went beyond this in my design. I had become wearied of this world, and wished to leave it. I, therefore, determined to make Winther the agent of my own destruction, in the supposition that an act of homicide would weigh heavily upon his goaded conscience, and increase his wretchedness. You are acquainted with the manner of my proceeding. I pricked his conscience with the announcement that I was the assassin of Bertha; and fed his rancor with jeering allusions to his father. Sometimes I varied my experiments with the invisible wire. Once I passed it through into his chamber from above, (the occupant of the attic over his apartment being in my *pay*), and when the wire brushed across his face, and he was perplexed and held it between fore-finger and thumb, I suddenly brought it in connection with a powerful battery, and it was instantly heated to a white heat.

I heard every word of your conversation in the café. You all spoke very distinctly in the Eng-

lish language, supposing of course that there was no one present capable of understanding you. I heard you appoint Wednesday night for your last meeting, and I determined to take advantage of it, to make myself known. You saw how admirably I effected this by the nitrate of strontia.

The invisible wire is still dangling from the square opening in the ceiling, just outside of your door. It caught in something while I was making my escape through the house-top; possibly it may perplex some one yet.

An officious student struck up his arm, and he failed to kill me. They will not balk his aim to-morrow.

I remained in Giessen many months after I had read the foregoing manuscripts. Before my departure, I attended the nuptials of Franz and Betschen, and saw them cosily established upon a lucrative farm near the hamlet of Dudenshof. May they be happy to the end of their lives, and transmit to their posterity the example of a probity strengthened, perhaps, by the terrible events they had witnessed.

Strange! that the most disastrous disturbances should usually originate in some trifling aberration—so trifling as often to be lost in the importance of its consequences, until harmony is restored by some cause equally trivial. Free the moral and physical world from violent commotions, and the masses will fall into the grossest infidelity. Man recognizes and acknowledges the hand of Omnipotence only in the Mysterious and the Startling.

THE POETS, AND POETRY OF THE SOUTH.

NO. I.

THE MISCELLANEOUS POEMS OF WM. GILMORE SIMMS.*

We believe much of the criticism in this country, to be irredeemably corrupt. Cliqueism is the curse of our literature. The land is divided into literary, as well as political sections, each with its candidate for popular favor, and his faithful disciples and imitators, blowing brazen trumpets, and shouting Stentorian Pæans.

As for our brethren at the North, every sixth man is a poet, a novelist, a metaphysician, or a politico-social philosopher, with a special mission addressed to him personally, and a Great Work he alone can accomplish. There, everybody rushes into print. Literary weeklies and periodicals monthly, bi-monthly, and quarterly, arrest, and embalm for a season, the impetuous inspirations of the neighborhood. The publisher is compelled to be haughty, and reticent, otherwise, he would be buried alive under a mountain of manuscripts. A prominent member of the "guild," informs us that out of fifty novels, sent him for examination, he will probably accept about—*one*. Compare this statement with the number of works belonging to the class mis-called "light-reading," which issue annually from the press, and we will observe how marvellous is the general aptitude for fiction.

William Godwin, looked upon the world as separated into *two* great divisions, the men who *write* books, and the men who *do not*.—We *all* write books in America.

What newspaper would dare to insult the public with a prospectus, whose conductor had not secured before-hand, the usual establishment consisting of poet, tale-writer, and critic. The poet indites fervid sonnets to his mistress, the tale-writer fabricates a sweet history of blighted affections, and the critic—reviews them both. From the lowest, to the highest grade of letters, the same ingenious and candid system prevails. Every clique has its own particular altar, upon which incense is burnt to some God, great or small. The faith in this Deity, not unfrequently, amounts to fanaticism. In his line, he is the sole representative of American genius, and any claim to rivalry is impious, and absurd. The first duty, therefore, of his *claqueurs* is to overwhelm all opposition, in the vehemence of their applause. There must be no invasion of his Olympus, no question of his paramount prerogative. Now what, meanwhile, is the position of the author who has ventured to be independent, and self-reliant, who trusting solely to his unaided intellect, and resources, has scorned to surrender his free agency, and prostitute his gifts to the dictation of cliques. His position is one of outlawry. Whatever his merits, he is subjected to studied neglect, and it is only after years of patient toil, and by sheer energy of will, and downright masterful ability, that through obloquy, and secret malignant opposition, despite the

* *Poems, Descriptive, Dramatic, Legendary, and Contemplative*, by Wm. Gilmore Simms. John Russell, Charleston.

cold praise, that is worse than blame, and the callous indifference of ignorant contempt, he *coerces* regard, and wrings from reluctant envy and shallow scorn, the acknowledgment of those endowments, which in a more pliable and less honest man, would long before have been associated with mean alliances, and the shuffling expedients of jobbers, and charlatans. But the effect of a war like this, life-long and harassing, is often most disastrous. Apart from mere physical results, its tendency is to embitter the noblest mind, and to render it misanthropical, and distrustful, or to provoke a determined self-assertion, which may sometimes repel sincere sympathy. *Who* is answerable for this? Genius is tenacious of its rights, "and hath a mounting devil in its blood," when the attempt is made to depreciate its lawful successes.

If ever there was a case to which these remarks are applicable, it is that of the distinguished author, whose poems we have under review. For twenty-eight years he has been before the public as a contributor to almost every department of letters. In fiction, historical, or purely imaginative, in criticism of every kind and degree, from the piquant newspaper notice to the profound analysis of Hamlet, in the delicate labor of annotation, in essays upon every variety of topic, and especially upon the engrossing topic of Southern slavery, in the editorship of reviews and journals, in history proper, even in geography, he has worked with singular energy and success. No American writer has covered so extensive a ground. His versatility and facile command of resources are astonishing. Indeed, in copiousness of thought, and instantaneous grasp of expression, we have not met his superior. Perhaps this

remarkable readiness—this faculty of *improvisation*—as we may term it—has originated the serious fault of Mr. Simms' style, an exceeding diffuseness—which, we beg the reader, however, to remark, is in this instance, the very reverse of weakness. No one penetrates with more unerring sagacity than he, to the inmost roots of a subject, no one holds more clearly in view its prominent points, and relationships, but ramifying from all these points, connected with all these relationships, are a hundred suggestive outgrowths, which, to his keen, active, and somewhat metaphysical perception, are too full of grave matter, to be passed over in silence. This exhaustive, "cyclical mode" of discussion, is doubtless tedious to the *mere reader*; to the *student*—if the topic be one of philosophical bearings—it is not without its attractions.

But notwithstanding his manifold claims to consideration, Mr. Simms' rugged independence of nature—his disdainful avoidance of the common road to literary preferment, for a long time postponed the due estimate of his powers and performances. Yet, at last he has met with his reward. His present position as a writer—his *national* position, we mean—for to mere *local* *repute*, we presume him to be at this late day, indifferent—is of the most honorable kind. And his reputation is likely to be accumulative. Founded upon works of substantial merit, whose vigorous and healthy spirit is in singular contrast with the morbid and subjective tone, adopted by some of his contemporaries, it must, by a logical necessity, survive the canons of false taste, and the temporary misapprehension of Art, which we fear, lie at the bottom of too many of the critical *dicta* of the Age.

In what we have to say of Mr.

Simms' poetry, we shall reverse the usual critical order, and commence with the analysis of his minor poems first. Of these, the characteristics are, richness and force of thought, affluence of expression, a versatile range and breadth of sympathy, a comprehensive imagination, at times delicately suggestive, subtly metaphysical, and again, bold, rugged, and original. In the latter mood, his style continually reminds us of the Elizabethan Dramatists. Its rough directness of diction, its abrupt audacity and defiance of conventional trammels, its compressed vigor, whereby (as in some of his sonnets,) a single phrase or line is wrought into picturesque unity and completeness of effect, these carry us back to the pages of Marlow, and Decker, and Ford, and Webster, that host of great writers (almost contemporary,) who, whatever might have been their individual idiosyncracies, were wonderfully alike in freedom of conception, and a quick, lightning-like vehemence of language, through which the ideas flame up like sentient things.

But let us come to particulars. Mr. Simms' blank verse, of all that he has composed in prose or poetry, seems alone to have received careful and studious elaboration. It is no difficult matter to arrange five smooth iambuses into unrhymed couplets, but a really artistic management of blank verse, with its variety of cæsural and secondary pauses, its complex and delicate demands in the disposition of accents, and the subtle comprehension of quantity requisite to its development, is among the last results of study and experience. Let the reader compare the versification in "Paradise Lost," to that of Pollock's "Course of Time," or let him peruse a page of "The Task," and then turn to Tennyson's "King Ar-

thur," or any other of the Laureate's masterly compositions in this sort of verse, and he will be amazed at the difference in structure and harmony—the rude, and often harsh and ineffective mechanism of Cowper and Pollock, contrasted with the grace, ease and majesty which distinguish the productions of the two other poets, and which in Milton is the more marvellous, because of the frequent tortuous involutions of his style.

—In "Southern Passages and Pictures," the author is chiefly revealed to us in his earnest worship of Nature. He carries us to the green savannahs, the solemn pine forests, the gloomy swamps, and the slow, deep shadowed rivers of the Carolina lowlands, or, when in gayer mood, he transports us to the mountains, and the livelier aspects of "brawling brook," and impetuous cataract. The glory of Southern scenery in the spring-time was never more impressively described than in the following passage, glowing with imaginative vitality, which is part of a poem called "The Traveler's Rest:"

"It were sure a sin
In sight of heaven, when now the humblest shrub
By the maternal bounty is set forth,
As for a bridal, with a jewell'd pomp
Of flowers in blue enamel—lustrous hues
Brightening upon their bosoms like sweet tints
Caught from dissolving rainbows, as the sun
Rends with his ruddy shafts their violet robes—
When gay vines stretching o'er the streamlet's breast,
Link the opposing pines, and arch the space
Between with a bright canopy of charms,
Whose very least attraction wears a look
Of life, and fragrance!—when the pathway gleams
As spread for march of Princess of the East,
With gems of living lustre—ravishing hues
Of purple, as if blood-dipped in the wounds

Of Hyacinthus, him Apollo loved,
And slew through loving: now when
over all,
The viewless nymphs that tend upon the
streams,
And watch the upward growth of April
flowers,
Wave ever, with a hand that knows not
stint,
Yet suffers no rebuke for profligate waste,
Their aromatic censers, 'till we breathe
With difficult delight—not now to gloom
With feeble cares, and individual doubts
Of cloud to-morrow."

"How grateful grows the Shade!—mix-
ed shade of trees,
And clouds that drifting o'er the sun's
red path,
Curtain his awful brows!—Ascend yon
hill
And we behold the valley from whose
breast,
Flows the sweet brooklet. Yon embla-
zored pine
Marks the abrupt transition to the shade,
Where welling from the brookside, it
steals forth,
A voice without a form. Through grassy
slopes
It wanders on unseen, and seems no more
Than their own glitter; yet behold it now,
Where jetting through its green sprout it
bounds forth
Capricious, as if doubtful where to flow—
*A pale white streak—a glittering as it
were,*
*Cast by some trembling moonbow through
the woods."*

The delicate spiritual beauty of
the comparison in the last two lines
is unsurpassable. It is in this con-
centrated word-painting, when the
Poet dips his pencil in the very
colors of nature's life, that the
Beautiful, yielding as it were, to the
insight of the impassioned wor-
shipper, lifts the veil from her se-
cret sanctities and endows us with
glimpses of the divine radiance—
"the light that never was on earth,
or sea."

—Scarcely inferior to the
above, is the conclusion of "The
Brooklet" which illustrates the
same phase of descriptive power,
and is rounded by a thought of
peculiar sweetness:

"Ah! the delicious sadness of the hours

Spent by this brooklet! Ah! the dreams
they brought
Of other hopes, and beings—the sweet
truths
That still subdued the heart to patient-
ness,
And made all flexible to the youthful will
That else had been most passionate, and
rash.

I know the toils that gather on my path,
And I will grapple them with a strength
that shows
A love for the encounter, not the less
For hours thus wasted in the solitude,
And fancies born of dreams—and 't will
not more
Impair the resolute courage of my heart,
Wrestling with toil in conflicts of the
race,
If still in pauses of the fight I dream
Of this dear idlesse—gazing on that
brook
So sweet in shade, thus singing on its
way
*Like some dear child all thoughtless as it
goes*
From shadow into sunlight, and—is lost.'

—"The Lost Pleiad" has been
justly admired for delicacy of feeling
and fancy, and harmonious flow of
expression.

"Gone! Gone!
Oh! never more to cheer
The mariner who hold his course alone
On the Atlantic through the weary night,
When the stars turn to watchers, and do
sleep,
Shall it again appear
*With the sweet loving certainty of light
Down shining on the shut eyes of the deep."*

"Ah! still the strain
Of wailing sweetness fills the saddening
sky;
The sister-stars lamenting in their pain
That one of the selectest ones must die:
Must vanish when most lovely from the
rest!
Alas! 'tis ever thus! the destiny!
*Even Rapture's song hath evermore a tone
Of wailing, as for life too quickly gone:*
The hope most precious is the soonest
lost,
The flower most sweet is first to feel the
frost—
Are not all short-lived things the loveli-
est?
And like the pale star shooting down the
sky,
*Look they not ever brightest as they fly
From the lone sphere they blest?*

Very different in spirit and utterance are the glowing verses which follow, where the thought seems struggling to burst from the conventional limits prescribed by the law of the sonnet.

I.

"The grave but ends the struggle! Follows then
The triumph, which superior to the doom
Grows loveliest, and looks best to mortal men
Purple in beauty, towering o'er the tomb!
Oh! with the stoppage of the impulsive tide
That vexed the impatient heart with needful strife,
That soul that is Hope's living leaps to life,
And shakes her fragrant plumage far and wide!
Eyes follow then in worship which but late
Frowned in defiance:—*and the timorous herd,*
That sleekly waited for another's word,
Grow bold at last to bring—obeying Fate—
The tribute of their praise, but late denied,
Tribute of homage which is sometimes—hate.

II.

Thus Glory hath her being! Thus she stands
Star-crowned, a high divinity of woe:
Her temples fill, her columns crown all lands,
Where lofty attribute is known below.
For her the smokes ascend, the waters flow,
The grave foregoes his prey, the soul goes free;
The grey rock gives out music,—hearth-stones grow
To temples at her word,—her footprints see!
On ruins that are thus made holiest shrines,
Where Love may win devotion, and the heart
That with the fire of Genius inly pines,
May find the guidance of a kindred art,—
And from the branch of that eternal tree,
Pluck fruits at once of death, and immortality?

—As an example of simplicity and tender warmth of fancy the

"First Dream of Love" is exquisitely sweet! There is a completeness about this charming lyric, a "finely-cut, cameo-like purity and grace," which appeal directly to the sensibilities. We quote one of the stanzas.

"Soft, oh! how softly sleeping,
Shadowed by beauty she lies,
Dreams as of rapture creeping,
Smile by smile over her eyes;
Lips, oh! how sweetly parting,
As if the delight between,
With its own warm pulses starting,
Strove to go forth and be seen."

—In one of a series of Sonnets on "The caprice of the Sensibilities," occur these striking lines; they refer to "love's true sorrows:"

"Her's are the worst of fortune, since they grow,
From the excessive exquisite in life,
She perils in the field of human strife,
The sensibilities—the hopes that flow
From those superior fountains of the soul,
Where all is but a dying, and a birth,
A resurrection, and a sacrifice."

—Autumn, with the picturesque perception of true imaginative art, is thus embodied, and made visible—

"She is doomed!
Survivor of a race that left no heirs,
And she the mourner of the Beautiful,
Whose treasure in the past to which she glides,
Was but a bright decay, a perishing bloom,
The bounty of a love whose dearest gifts
Best show in desolation."

—The "triumphant strain" of that hundred-voiced Minstrel, the mocking bird, is described as,

"Matchless in unmeasured night,
As if born of maddened brain,
Ecstasied with deep delight."

—The following well portrays the "Approach of Summer:"

"What legions of bright angels, far and wide,
Have sped, that earth should waken up
in pride;
A single breath—one short, sweet night—the moon

Of April, only watching through its noon;
And with the dawn, how wondrous was
the show
That hailed the sun from thousand plains
below;
With song, though faint, how sweet! and
scents so rare,
As if the flowers were wedded to the Air."

—There is a remarkable "echo of sound to sense," and a very fine image introduced, (observe the lines italicised) in this passage from some irregular verses on "Seaside Solitude:"

"How with a silent sadness do I love,
When night winds all unfettered fly
abroad,
And the pale moon in peerless car above,
Moves onward like some melancholy God,
In every sadness of sublimity,
Bemoaning the great state which makes him
lone,
How do I love to watch above the deep."

—"Immortality," a poem in twenty stanzas, (and in verbal elaboration and finish the most faultless of the author's miscellaneous pieces) recalls the intensity, the wildness, the accumulative wealth of imagery which dazzle us in Shelley, with a touch of the quaint sensuousness of Spenser.

"Beside me in a dream of the deep night,
Unsummoned, but in loveliness arrayed,
Stood a warm, blue-eyed maid;
* * * * * the bloom

Of her eternal beauty, from my sight,
Dispelled the midnight gloom—

"The living speech upon her lips in fire,
Rose swelling like a soul—while in her
eye

The truth that blossoms with divinity
Rayed out with golden brightness, and
awoke

Within my heart a pulse of new desire,
That burst each ancient yoke.

"Then in my rapture I had lain my head,
Upon the soft swell of that happy round,
That rose up like a white celestial
mound—

As saying—"bring your gifts to this one
shrine;

But that her brow's clear will soon ban-
ished

The fond resolve from mine."

—The poem called "The

Edge of the Swamp," we shall quote entire. Crabb never composed anything more sternly realistic, and yet it is lifted from the level of mere literalness, (which Crabb's poems seldom are,) by the imaginative subtlety which generalizes in the midst of details:

"'Tis a wild spot, and even in summer
hours,

With wondrous wealth of beauty and
a charm

For the sad fancy, hath the gloomiest
look,

And awes with strange repulsion. There,
the bird

Sings never merrily in the sombre trees,
That seem to have never known a term
of youth,

Their young leaves all being blighted. A
rank growth

Spreads venomously round with power to
taint,

And blistering dews await the thought-
less hand

That rudely parts the thicket:—Cypress-
es,

Each a great ghastly giant, old, and gray,
Stride o'er the dusk dank tract,—with
buttresses

Spread round, apart, not seeming to sus-
tain,

Yet linked by secret twines, that under-
neath

Blend with each arching trunk. Fantast-
ic vines

That swing like monstrous serpents in the
sun

Bind top to top, until the encircling trees
Group all in close embrace. Vast skele-
tons

Of forests, that have perished ages gone,
Moulder in mighty masses on the plain;

Now buried in some dark, and mystic
tarn,

Or sprawled above it, resting on great
arms,

And making for the opossum, and the
fox,

Bridges that help them as they roam by
night.

Alternate stream, and lake between the
banks

Glimmer in doubtful light: smooth, si-
lent, dark,

They tell not what they harbor; but be-
ware!

Lest rising to the tree on which you
stand,

You sudden see the moccasin snake
heave up

His yellow shining belly, and flat head

Of burnished copper. Stretched at length
 behold
 Where yonder Cayman in his natural
 home,
 The mammoth lizzard, all his armour on,
 Slumbers half buried in the sedgy grass,
 Beside the green ooze where he shelters
 him.
 The place so like the gloomiest realm of
 death—
 Is yet the abode of thousand forms of
 life—
 The terrible, the beautiful, the strange—
 Winged, and creeping creatures, such as
 make
 The instinctive flesh with apprehension
 crawl,
 When sudden we behold. Hark! at our
 voice
 The whooping crane, gaunt fisher in these
 realms,
 Erects his skeleton form, and shrinks in
 flight
 On great white wings. A pair of sum-
 mer ducks
 Most princely in their plumage, as they
 hear
 His cry, with senses quickening all to
 fear,
 Dash up from the lagoon, with marvellous
 haste
 Following his guidance. See! aroused
 by these,
 And startled by our progress o'er the
 stream,
 The steel-jawed Cayman from his grassy
 slope
 Slides silent to the slimy green abode
 Which is his province. You behold him
 now
 His bristling back uprising as he speeds
 To safety, in the centre of the Lake
 Whence his head peers alone,—a shape-
 less knot,
 That shows no sign of life; the hooded
 eye
 Nathless, being ever vigilant, and keen,
 Measuring the victim. See! a butterfly
 That traveling all the day, *has counted*
climes
Only by flowers, to rest himself a while,
 And as a wanderer in a foreign land,
 To pause, and look around him as he
 goes,
 Lights on the monster's brow. The surly
 mute
 Straightway sinks down; so suddenly
 that he,
 The dandy of the summer flowers, and
 woods,
 Dips his light wings, and soils his golden
 coat
 With the rank waters of the turbid lake.
 Wondering, and vexed the plumed citizen

Flies with an eager terror to the banks
 Seeking more genial natures,—but in
 vain.
 Here are no gardens such as he desires,
 No innocent flowers of beauty, no de-
 lights
 Of sweetness free from taint. The gentle
 growth
 He loves, finds here no harbor. Fetid
 shrubs
 That scent the gloomy atmosphere, of-
 fend
 His pure patrician fancies. On the pines
 That look like felon spectres, he beholds
 No blossoming beauties, and for smiling
 heavens
 That flutter his wings with breezes of
 pure balm,
 He nothing sees but sadness,—aspects
 dread,
 That gather frowning, cloud, and fiend in
 one,
 As if in combat, fiercely to defend
 Their empire from the intrusive wing,
 and beam.
 The example of the butterfly be ours:
 He spreads his lacker'd wings above the
 trees,
 And speeds with free flight, warning us
 to seek
 For a more genial home, and couch more
 sweet
 Than these drear borders offer us to-
 night.

—Did our limits permit, we
 should present the reader with a
 score of other extracts, equal, if
 not superior to the foregoing—
 from such poems as "Mental Soli-
 tude," "The New Moon," "The
 Inutile Pursuit," "The Soul in Im-
 aginative Art," and many more of
 similar thoughtfulness, and beauty.
 As it is, we can only quote one
 other lyric—a lyric almost perfect,
 we think, in harmony of rhythm,
 and solemn suggestiveness of pa-
 thos.

THE LONELY ISLET.

I.

Lift the oar as silently
 By yon sacred Isle we pass:
 Know me not if still she sleeps,
 When the wind such whisper keeps
 In yon waving grass!
 Death's a mocker to delight,
 That we know—and yet—
 There was that in every breath

Of her motion—in the set
Of her features fair, and whole—
In the flashing of her eye,
Spirit joyous still, and high,
Speaking the immortal soul,
In a language warm and bright—
That should mock at Death!

II.

Silently, still silently!
Oh! methinks if it were true,
If indeed she sleeps—
Wakeful never, though the oar
Of the well-beloved one nigh,
Break the water as before;
When but with the sea in view,
And the sky waste, and the shore,
Or some star that sinking creeps
Between whiles of speech to show
How sweet lover's tears may flow,—
They together went, forgetting
How the moon was near her setting,
Down amid the waters low:

III.

Then no more should lovely things,
Moon, or star, or zephyr stoop—
But a cloud with dusky wings
Gloom outgiving, still should droop
O'er that islet lone:—
And the long grass by the breeze
Sullen rising from the seas,
Should make constant moan!
Silent!—Hark!—that dipping oar,—
Oh! methinks it roused a tone
As of one upon the shore!—
'Twas the wind that swept the grass!—
Silently, oh Silently,—
As yon sacred spot we pass.

But sincere as our conviction is of the excellence of Mr. Simms' poems, we are not blind to the obvious blemishes of his style—blemishes the more annoying as they might frequently be rectified by a mere dash of the pen. These, besides the occasional great diffuseness to which we have before alluded, are mostly verbal mannerisms, the result of hasty writing, and an apparently invincible repugnance to the distasteful duty of correction—that painful "*labor limæ*," with which few intellectual workers should venture to dispense. One of the most offensive of these mannerisms is the frequent repetition of the weak adverb "*still*," for no other purpose, we are compelled

to believe, than the ekeing out of the necessary number of feet—an altogether unworthy expedient in one possessed of Mr. Simms' command of the resources of language. In little more than a couple of pages, we have marked a dozen instances of this tautological carelessness. Another mannerism, and one quite as unjustifiable, is the removal of the accent to the last syllable of words, when it properly belongs to the first, or second. For example, sarcasm is converted into sar-casm, paroxysm into parox-ysm, &c. We deny that this can be justified by the examples of Shakespeare, and the old Dramatists.—Indeed, in the mere matter of verbal refinements, these authorities are the worst possible.

It is evident, however, that such faults weigh lightly in the balance against the sterling worth and beauty which distinguish the general outpourings of our author's Muse. From the "delicate lucidity" of his lyrics to the stern vigor of the *terza rima*, which few have mastered so thoroughly, (witness his ingenious translations from the Italian,) there is the unmistakable impress of a broad, healthful, and glowing genius—a genius nursed in the wild, and pluming its wing upon the mountains—clear of eye—strong of flight—bold of utterance—soaring above the level of the conventional, and the commonplace—and surveying with comprehensive appreciation, the salient and characteristic in the boundless field of Nature, and the more hidden, but still wider field of human relationships. We of the South should be proud of our Poet. To us he has devoted with patriotic singleness of purpose, the noblest of his endowments—the first and the last fruits of his intellectual manhood. He has chaunted no foreign strain that fell coldly on

our ears, and awakened no response to our affections. But his song has ever been of the South—of the splendor of her sunsets “rolling down like a chorus,” of the fragrant luxuriance of her woodlands in spring—of the grandeur of her mountain solitudes, of the self-devotion of her heroes and statesmen, and the tenderness and beauty of her women. Surely this union of genius and patriotism *should* receive our sympathy. But we fear that *it is not so*. Something we ourselves have seen and heard—enough to convince us that Mr. Simms is scarcely an exception to the mournful adage interwoven more or less with all intellectual history, that a prophet is not without honor, save by his own hearthstone.

Nowhere, probably, in the Union has he been honored with less of encouragement and appreciation, than in the city of his birth, and among the people of the very State whose traditional and revolutionary annals, whose society, institutions, scenery and peculiar phases of life, and character, he has done more than any other, to describe, perpetuate, and defend. It is an old

story, but not on that account the less melancholy. One would, we presume, like to have the approval of neighbors and kinsmen, though it may be anything but necessary to one's fame.

And here we close our imperfect review of Mr. Simms' minor poems. We are satisfied it is sufficient to demonstrate the fulness, the vigor and the versatility of his powers—the lofty and healthful tone of his moral perceptions—the genial and strong nerved enthusiasm of his style, and the earnestness of his sympathy with every phrase and manifestation, whether in Nature, Art, or Social Life of the “Good, the Beautiful, and the True.”—Hereafter, we hope to do somewhat more than this. We hope to present our author's claims upon higher ground—to show that in the more ambitious departments of constructive art he has achieved unequivocal success, and that in the development of the dramatic faculty he has been gifted to at least as remarkable a degree as in the various other endowments of the Poet, which it would be unworthy prejudice to deny that he has ably illustrated.

SONNET.

Her face is very noble, and her mien
Gracious, and sweet as sunshine; in her eyes
Dwell the deep lights of tender sympathies,
Which from abysses of her soul serene,
Come out like stars from depths of quiet skies
Made lustrous by the night of others' pain;
Her deeds of patient goodness fall like rain
Upon our arid spirits, and the rise
Of benedictions gladdeneth all her way
With heavenly music; as her glorious day,
So is her strength; amid earth's bitter woes
The river of her mercy gently flows;
Sick hearts revive, and fading hopes grow green,
And frenzied Passions sink to soft repose.

EDGAR. A. POE.

Edgar Poe was born in Baltimore, Maryland, in January, 1811. His parents, who were itinerant actors, died in Richmond, Virginia, within a few weeks of each other, both of consumption. They left three small children destitute, Henry, *Edgar* and Rosalie. Edgar was adopted by Mr. John Allan, a wealthy merchant of Richmond. Edgar Poe thereupon became Edgar *Allan* Poe. He attended school a short time in Richmond, and remained for five years at a high school in England, near London; returned home in 1822; and three years after entered the University of Virginia, where he was, as hitherto, and elsewhere distinguished for his sensitiveness, scholarship, and adventurous hardihood. He was expelled the university for dissipation; quarreled with his adopted father; set out for the battle-fields of struggling Greece, which he never reached, however; and lived some months in the society of the *litterateurs* of London,—not the fashionable, but the penniless, the gifted, and the garret-dwelling. After quite a Ulysean wandering, he was finally arrested by the city police in St. Petersburg, Russia, for riot, from which arrest he was relieved by the American Consul, Mr. Middleton, of South Carolina, and also enabled to reach Richmond in safety. He entered the Military Academy at West Point in 1829, where he remained about ten months; left that institution without graduating; and then, at the age of nineteen, dashed into life, reckless of consequences and odds against him, homeless, friendless, dimeless, nameless and—fearless; demanding success, but hope-

less of sympathy. He enlisted in the army, but very soon left it. At this period he did generally, and for some years continued doing, a starving business at literature, in the way of writing verses, tales, criticisms, compilations, and translations, for newspapers and magazines. In 1833, a prize tale—"MS. Found in a Bottle"—introduced him to the notice of the public. He was engaged two years after, for five hundred dollars a year, to edit the *Southern Literary Messenger*, to which his talents gave high position at once; married his cousin, Virginia Clemm; wrote, drank, and agonized in that situation for a year and a half, and then went North. In 1839 he became editor of the "*Gentleman's Magazine*," (Philadelphia,) which was merged, with a change of proprietorship, during his editorial connection with it, into "*Graham's Magazine*," of which he remained editor till 1842. He lived in that city two years longer, writing miscellaneous but always vigorously and well; then went to New York, where he first assisted in editing the *Mirror*, and afterwards edited the *Broadway Journal*, which fell through in 1846. In January, 1847, his wife died. He labored on, living at Fordham, near New York; wrote *Eureka*, his completest work, in 1848; and next year left New York for Richmond, where he composed *Annabel Lee*, by many considered his best poem. He remained in that city till a few days before his death, which occurred while on his way again to New York, on Sunday evening, in the hospital of his birth-city, Baltimore. A marble head-stone in

the cemetery of the Presbyterian Church, on the south-east corner of Fayette and Greene streets, in that city, marks his first bed of rest. On the front is engraved :

"Hic
TANDEM FELICIS
CONDUNTUR RELIQUÆ
EDGARI ALLAN POE,
OBIIT OCT. 7, 1849.
ÆT. 38."

On the reverse appears :

"JAM PARCE SEPULTO."

A childless memory keeps watch over his solitary grave. He had experienced the soul-solitude of life; and he died as he had lived—alone.

The *personnel* of Edgar Poe was less peculiar than his mind. He was below medium height, slenderly and compactly formed. His hands and feet were of moderate size, and partook of the compactness of his entire frame. His features were regular, and decidedly handsome. Mr. Willis speaks of his face as "pale, beautiful, and intellectual." Its general expression, however, beyond its ordinary abstraction, was not pleasant—neither insolent nor angry—but decidedly disagreeable. His complexion was dark though clear, with a tendency, later, to the bilious and even swarthy. His hair was dark and very early touched with grey. He wore a heavy and ill-trimmed moustache. His eyes were dark, full and variable—expressive, luminous, frequently with an air of introverted abstraction—and, on close inspection, they appeared "of that neutral *violet tint*, which is so difficult to define." His forehead was faultless in its perfect expression and noble proportions. It was high and symmetrical, large in the perceptive, very large in the reflective, and, in the ideal and constructive, massive. Extreme intuitive perception of human na-

ture crowned the lordly throne of thought. His expansive brow declared the princely power of intellect that throbbed and struggled within. But here his cranial perfection ceased. The central region of his brain was markedly deficient, although the occipital was full. The basilar region, again, was powerful, but the coronal feeble. He was in countenance, gait, person—when sober—a gentleman. His voice was soft but not sonorous, distinct but not clear. His dress was always in good taste—simple, careless, appropriate. His bearing was easy, unembarrassed, polite; and to ladies, it was deferentially and delicately courteous. "His conversation," says the compiler of his Memoir, "was, at times, almost supra-mortal." The accomplished editor of the Southern Literary Messenger, (we trust that he will pardon our quoting from a private letter his language upon this point,) says: "Wonderful as are the poems and tales and essays he left behind him, I think one must have known him well and been familiar with his colloquial exercises, so varied, so brilliant, so full of striking thoughts and images, to form anything like an adequate conception of the *spiritual Poe*." It was observed by one who knew him intimately that, "either sober or reeking with bad brandy, he talked like an angel." His epistolary genius equalled his colloquial. "His letters," said the late Mrs. Osgood, "were divinely beautiful."

His lot was a lonely one. Cut off—not "by some mysterious fate," but—by the directing elements of his own mind, from sympathy with the many, he stood in his imperial isolation above them; almost unenvied, for the price he paid was fearful. He lacked almost utterly the spirit of companionship. His singularly unhappy tem-

perament wrought itself into the texture of every production of his brilliant pen. His was the restless, wild want of a soul not understood—unloved until despair became nature. Such a solitude of soul must have been appalling. Cousin says: "Human existence complete and entire may be summed up in these two words which harmonize with each other: Duty and Hope." With duty many of Edgar Poe's relations were incidental, and with hope he seems to have had none. The delicacy and accuracy of his æsthetical nature made him keenly alive to beauty in its omnipresent distinctness; and this, joined to the clearest intellect of the age, gave to his mental eye a keenness of vision which could never fail to detect a blemish, and left him no charity when one was detected. Wrong to him was deformity merely, and wounded his sense of harmony more painfully that it did his sense of justice. The uncouth, unbecoming, and illogical, was as abhorrent to his sensibility as a discord to the musical sense of Mozart; as suffering to the acute benevolence of Howard; as the guilt of the convict to the mind of Draco.

What was *true* the brilliant intellect of Edgar Poe never failed to perceive. What was *beautiful* his soul recognized at first blush, and loved for its kinship. Guided by these, his conscience was rarely in fault upon points of right. An instinctive self-respect, over which he had no control, forbade his ever seeking the lenient judgment of the many by explaining circumstances or appearances, which, unexplained, he knew must be construed against him. The world has little charity for any; for one who spurns its sympathy, none; and he who contemns its tribunal invariably receives the extreme

visitations of its vengeance. As no judgment can be more erroneous, so none is more dictatorially given, or, when given, more persistently ultimate. Poe spurned that sympathy and received therefor the minimum of its meagre charity and the maximum of its profuse condemnation. A morbid sensibility impelled him to seek rather than avoid such occasions. He enjoyed the luxury of being misunderstood.

Intellectually, he has manifested powers of analysis and microscopic penetration, especially into the never-uttered motives of the human heart, unequalled in his time, and rarely if ever surpassed in any time. His "Murders of the Rue Morgue," the "Mystery of Marie Roget," the "Purloined Letter," "Eureka," the "Power of Words," the "Imp of the Perverse," all herein surpass, in much that is wholly original, anything that has ever reached the form of human language. But these qualities pervade to some extent all that he has written. His works are peculiarly free from sectarian obliquity, sectional prejudice, and immoral taint. They are as free from vicious teaching as those of St. Paul. In fiction, his position is peculiar, and marked by points of strength that in their vividness have seldom been equalled. The province he chose is the psycho-analytical. His heroes are monstrous reflections of his own heart in its despair, not in its peace. He told on every page, shivering with horror and icy with dread, the story of his inner life, the soul-horrors he hourly lived. We have heard him compared to Charles Brockden Browne; but the comparison does Poe injustice. Browne has the same direction, some of the energy, but none of the peculiar power—none of the intensely brilliant light—none of the available

scholarship to beautify and elevate his rugged conceptions—no nice discrimination, subtle tact, and high and distinctly appreciable principles of genuine Art—none, in fine, of the transcendent inspiration that marked our later suffering child of genius. The author of "Caleb Williams" was careless in manner, unfinished and hasty; and understood far less of man. He had, however, greater tact in linking consecutive events—*ordonnance*—in more extended fiction. The source of his inspiration was the same—wretchedness. The light that shone over his path was the sun of suffering. But Poe's genius in this direction has been elsewhere extensively and well discussed. Cooke, Thompson, Willis, Lamson, Griswold, Gilfillan, Savage, Lowell, Wallace, and quite a number of anonymous writers have variously disposed of this subject.

In poetry Poe's position is even more distinctive than it is in fiction.

He took bold ground against the nonsense involved in the popular acceptance of the phrase *poetic inspiration* as distinct from *poetic art*. It has always been to the poet's, as well as to the poetaster's interest to maintain the error that these beings are above the drudge of art, and are wont

"To fling a Poem, like a comet, out."

In the same direction, the popular idea of genius—"genius superior to the trifles of detail"—has lamentably blinded even honest truth-seekers to the enormity of the proposition. Genius must work its results by its mastery over these very details which it is imagined to ignore and contemn; and that mind lacks the first characteristic of genius which does not confess that the highest triumphs which "inspired genius" has ever won were won mainly by means of these

very contemptible details, themselves. Poe took decided and successful stand against both these popular fallacies. His "Philosophy of Composition" is a master-piece in its way. As a poet, he has written the most striking, original, and rhythmically perfect poem in the English language. We must also instance his exquisite requiem of "Lenore," in the exultant sorrow and restless hope of which we recognize a triumph of genuine poetic art scarcely before achieved. As specimens of onomatopoeic word-music—the mysterious mingling of the melody of verse with the solemn and stately flow of the most marvellous conception—there is not an example in all literature that equals or even approaches "The Bells," or "Ulalume," or "Ulalie." Southey's "Lodore," compared with either of these is a failure.

His theory of poetry has been elaborately discussed, and abundantly misunderstood. Some of the efforts in this way, by the Boston clique and their friends, are pitiable in the extreme.

Let us examine Poe's theory. He claims "that while the Poetic Principle itself is, strictly and simply, the Human Aspiration for Supernal Beauty, the manifestation of the Principle is always found in *an elevating excitement of the Soul*—quite independent of that passion which is the intoxication of the Heart—or that Truth which is the satisfaction of Reason. For the tendency of passion is rather to degrade than to elevate the soul. * * * True passion is prosaic—homely. Any strong mental emotion stimulates *all* the mental faculties; thus grief the imagination:—but in proportion as the effect is strengthened, the cause surceases. The excited fancy triumphs—the grief is subdued—

chastened—is no longer grief. In this mood we are poetic, and it is clear that a poem now written will be poetic in the exact ratio of its dispassion. A passionate poem is a contradiction in terms. * * *

Love, on the contrary—the divine Eros, the Uranian, as distinguished from the Dionean Venus—is unquestionably the purest and truest of all poetic themes. And in regard to Truth—if, to be sure, through the attainment of a truth, we are led to perceive a harmony where none was apparent before, we experience, at once, the true poetical effect; but this effect is referable to the harmony alone, and not in the least degree to the truth which merely served to render the harmony manifest. * * *

It by no means follows, however, that the incitements of Passion, or the precepts of Duty, or even the lessons of Truth, may not be introduced into a poem, and with advantage; for they subserve, incidentally, in various ways, the general purposes of the work:—but the true artist will always contrive to tone them down in proper subjection to that *Beauty* which is the atmosphere and the real essence of the poem. * * * I make Beauty, therefore—using the word as inclusive of the sublime—I make Beauty the province of the poem. * * *

The sense of the symmetrical is an instinct which may be depended upon with an almost blindfold reliance. It is the poetical essence of the Universe—*of the Universe* which, in the supremacy of its symmetry, is but the most sublime of poems. * * *

A poem, in my opinion, is opposed to a work of science by having, for its *immediate* object, pleasure, not truth; to romance, by having for its object, an *indefinite* instead of a *definite* pleasure, being a poem only so far as this object is attain-

ed; romance presenting perceptible images with definite, poetry with indefinite sensations, to which end music is an *essential*, since the comprehension of sweet sound is our most indefinite conception. Music, when combined with a pleasurable idea, is poetry; music, without the idea, is simply music; the idea, without the music, is prose, from its very definiteness. * * *

Music, in its various modes of metre, rhythm, and rhyme, is of so vast a moment in Poetry as never to be wisely rejected—is so vitally important an adjunct, that he is simply silly who declines its assistance. * * *

It is in Music, perhaps, that the soul more nearly attains the great end for which, when inspired by the Poetic Sentiment, it struggles—the creation of supernal Beauty. * * *

We shall reach, however, more immediately a distinct conception of what the true Poetry is, by mere reference to a few of the simple elements which induce in the poet himself the true poetical effect. He recognises the ambrosia which nourishes his soul, in the bright orbs that shine in Heaven—in the volutes of the flower—in the clustering of low shrubberies—in the waving of the grain-fields—in the slanting of tall eastern trees—in the blue distance of mountains—in the grouping of clouds—in the twinkling of half-hidden brooks—in the gleaming of silver rivers—in the repose of sequestered lakes—in the star-mirroring depths of lonely wells. He perceives it in the songs of birds—in the harp of Æolus—in the sighing of the night-wind—in the repining voice of the forest—in the surf that complains to the shore—in the fresh breath of the woods—in the scent of the violet—in the voluptuous perfume of the hyacinth—in the suggestive odor that comes to him, at even-

tide, from far-distant, undiscovered islands, over dim oceans, illimitable and unexplored. He owns it in all noble thoughts—in all unworldly motives—in all holy impulses—in all chivalrous, generous, and self-sacrificing deeds. He feels it in the beauty of woman—in the grace of her step—in the lustre of her eye—in the melody of her voice—in her soft laughter—in her sigh—in the harmony of the rustling of her robes. He deeply feels it in her winning endearments—in her burning enthusiasms—in her gentle charities—in her meek and devotional endurances—but above all—ah, far above all—he kneels to it—he worships it in the faith, in the purity, in the strength, in the altogether divine majesty—of her love. * * * To recapitulate, then:—I would define, in brief, the poetry of words as *The Rhythmical Creation of Beauty*. Its sole arbiter is Taste. With the Intellect or with the Conscience, it has only collateral relations."

Such is a condensed and collated statement of Poe's views on the subject of Poetry, given entirely in his own language. As to the theory, it is, in the main, his own—his own in its completeness, but the "creation of beauty" had been suggested before, and Jeffrey allowed its end to be pleasure. Upon its merits evolved by Poe, we unhesitatingly rely; and we hold that it is tenable to the last letter. In its defence, and towards its full admission, however, we suspect that time and the progress of cognate truths will do more than the severest logic, driven at the heads of men either determined not to be convinced, or utterly incapable of appreciating arguments *pro* or *con* on a subject entirely beyond and above their range.

We are reluctant to turn from a theme so suggestive of peaceful

thoughts, of hope, of purity, and of love—so like a thing of beauty in itself—to the carping perversions, wilful, malignant, and stupid to which we referred above. The reviewer again says:—"He [Poe] even insists upon it that readers do not really *enjoy* such works as the 'Divina Commedia,' or 'Paradise Lost,' *though they may seriously profess to do so*." The italics are our own. Poe never insisted upon any such thing. What he *did* insist upon is (speaking of the *Paradise Lost*) that, "after a passage of what we *feel to be true poetry*, there follows, inevitably, a passage of platitude which no critical pre-judgment can force us to *admire*." "At least one half," he elsewhere says, "of the *Paradise Lost* is essentially prose—a succession of poetical excitements interspersed, *inevitably*, with corresponding depressions—the whole being deprived, through the extremeness of its length, of the vastly important artistic element, totality, or unity of effect." Is not this every one's experience? The reviewer further says: "He [Poe] pronounces *all long poems* a contradiction in terms, scouting epics as poems," &c. Now, Poe *does* pronounce that unity of effect must be sacrificed by great length; that "the ultimate, aggregate, or absolute effect of even the best epic under the sun, is a nullity." We enjoy it as it is poetic, in portions, between intervals; but the aggregate effect is just such as we get from a perusal of the works of an author, and not that of any one *poem*.

Our reviewer proceeds to infer, "Should we acquiesce in the correctness of his [Poe's] contracted definition, we *should* be compelled to go through the centuries, culling out the Homers and Virgils, the Terences and Shakespeares, the Herberts and Hebers, the Byrons

and Shelleys, the Juvenals and Popes, the Scotts and Campbells, the Hoods and Holmeses;—whole scores' of world-renowned bards would be driven pell-mell from the Parnassian heights, on whose summit would remain, *solus*, Edgar A. Poe," etc.

The reviewer ought to have known that the Homeric poems are a series of martial ballads, inartistically strung together; that the *Æneid* owes more to its isolation and monumental value than to its poetic power, and that this power wherever manifested is invariably episodic; that the reputation of Terence and of Shakspeare rest on their dramas, and that dramas are claimed to be *poetical* only fragmentally, owing their effectiveness to the alternation of practical and poetical; that George Herbert's poetical works consist of Sacred Poems and Private Ejaculations—lyrical all, and worthless at that; that Heber wrote a couple of Prize Poems and a few hymns, quite exemplary indeed, but notoriously unpoetical; that Byron understood too well the invariable principles of true art not to have rested the reader with lapses between his flights—fifteen minutes in no instance being required to exhaust the sublimest gush of his God-like inspiration, and the longer the poem the greater the rests; that Shelley has failed in all save his lyrics and episodes—notoriously failed (and, by the way, Prof. Childs seems to have had this idea when he cut down Queen Mab, in the current Little and Brown's edition of the *British Poets*, to less than one-fifth its actual length); that Juvenal has left but short satires, the longest on woman; that Pope is poetical, whenever by chance he is so at all, by couplets mainly; that Scott charms us, in his metrical fictions,

through the medium of the same power by which he charms us in his novels, the exquisite management of romance, of local tradition; that Campbell never transcends ten minutes—rarely three—at any one effort in one direction, even in the Pleasures of Hope; that Hood has produced nothing that is even respectable in the poetical way longer than his *Haunted House*, a poem of nearly twenty minutes; and, in fine, that Holmes, though he *is* a Bostonian, has given us his inimitable touches of humor in doses of less than thirty minutes—generally of three. But we have already consumed too much time with this reviewer, and we turn from his ignorance, his malignity, and his platitudes with the sincere pleasure of relief.

It is in criticism, probably, that Poe has excited most attention. His comet-like sweep across our literary sky caused both wonder and terror. He astonished the slumbering *litterateurs* of that day in their siesta on Parnassus. They were sorely annoyed. The brilliant and subtle force which characterized his achievements in this line reminds one of Dennis, and Gifford, and Hazlitt, and Heine. But he is unlike all of them. The first two were the tomahawks of parties, and, while they were caustic, witty, and uncompromising, they were also clumsy, coarse, injudicious, shallow, and wrong. Their vernacular was Billingsgate. It is of Dennis that Colton speaks, in "Hypocrisy:"—

"That glowing page with double lustre
shines,
When Pope approves and Dennis damns
the lines."

It is of Gifford that the N. A. Review, styling him a "critical Dennis," says:—"His acumen was shown in his profound appreciation of works which died as soon as

puffed, and in his insensibility to those whose fame was destined to begin with his oblivion." "He was," says the author of *Satire* and the *Satirists*, "something between Juvenal and a fish-woman." Hazlitt was harsh, misanthropic, abusive, indiscriminate, angry, and English. Heine was sarcastic, discriminate, bold, aiming at acknowledged reputations principally; so that two American authors, Poe and Longfellow—we quote the words of the former, while it is the latter who applies it to Heine—find occasion to say:—"The crab might never have become a constellation but for the courage it evinced in nibbling Hercules on the heel." Poe was as none of these. He was unlike Gifford and Dennis in his independence, brilliancy of wit, faultless discrimination, purity and perspicuity of style, and masterly appreciation of the artistic, the delicate, and the true. He was unlike Hazlitt in the ready and skilful touch with which he effected his object, whether it were to sustain or to blast. In the criticism of poetry he was, what every true critic of poetry *should be*, a poet. He invaded the domain of ancient prejudice, and with a supreme indifference to mere conventionality, arrayed at once the whole world of commonplace against him. With a noble devotion to art, he neither saw nor cared to see the enemy his wholesome truth had made. The clique-sustained and ephemeral *litterateurs* of the Empire City stood aghast when their pretensions nothingness was exposed by his uncompromising pen. The venerables of the Classic City were inconvenienced, on their self-constructed Parnassus, by his unexampled archery. He was thought to be severe. His severity is frequently characterized as "undue"—a word used instead of an idea

by men and women who wish to give voice, at all hazards, on some subject which they do not understand. Let us see what it means. The principal cases in reference to which the term is employed are those of Channing, Headley, Lowell, English, Lord, Matthews, Dawes, Ward, Hirst, and Smith. Against Longfellow his main charge was of plagiarism; and there, too often for the comfort of us, the admirers of Longfellow, he pushed his charges on to the proofs. In other respects, he accorded, we believe, as high praise to the author of *Evangeline* as any discriminating critic has ever done. Have the others lived down or otherwise practically disproved the critic's judgment? Not one of them. Channing remains as inartistic, as negligent, and as pretentious as Poe said he was. Headley is universally recognised as the great exponent of magniloquence and rant. Lowell maintains his position as "the *descendant* of an old New England family," with all his professional honors on his head. English is a name fallen, we believe, from the roll of American letters; unless an occasional magazine lyric still entitles it to consideration. Lord has since produced *André*, a tragedy, which, with all its glaring offences against taste, common-sense, and English grammar, is a little better than the "Poems" of his other days; an improvement attributable doubtless to Poe's review. Hirst is as extinct a specimen of his class as the Mammoth that he immortalises in one of his most ambitious poetical effusions. Matthews, Dawes, Ward, and Smith, "One common Lethe waits each hapless bard,
And, peace be with you! 'tis your best reward!"

In what now, we pray, consists the undueness of Poe's severity? In its *truth*? It may be that "the

truth is not to be spoken at all times;" but the principle does not permit the speaking of *untruth*. Silence is its ultimate practical result. And does not the mere appearance of a book put the author in an interrogational attitude before the critic upon whose table he places his volume? Unquestionably. Let the answer be given then without reference to the consequences—*ruat calum.*

We are prepared by such an individuality, manifesting itself in such conditions, to see how it would and must produce such positive but antipodal opinions of the individual. His character was positive, intensely demonstrative, and the impression he created was therefore always unmistakable. He is said to have had "a fatal facility of making enemies." He secured more and more *bitter* enemies than any other American author has ever done, because he told more wholesome truths than any other author has dared to tell. And, if there is any one thing the exposition of which a man will not forgive, that thing is—the *truth*. A slandered man may find repose beneath the shade of his real or imaginery injuries, but the stern truth leaves no covert to flee to, save vengeance against the utterer. Poe allowed to quackery and stupidity no mercy; and now, his victims and their adherents, though they shrank to silence during his lifetime, have rallied like cowards to blurt their bravado over his too early—but to them how timely!—grave. They have apparently exhausted even their vast vocabularies of *villifying* epithets upon his name. They have beset him in every possible form and through every available medium, *restrained* by neither decency, truth, nor honor. As priests they have anathematized him; they have condemned him

as judges; they have slandered him like demons, and dogged him like hounds. Nothing farther in this direction is conceivable; whatever castigated mediocrity, through sketches, reviews, rhymes, paragraphs, the cant of the pulpit, balderdash, and Billingsgate *can do*, has already been done. Some one has suggested for him the epitaph designed for Robespierre,—

*Passant! ne plains point mon sort,
Si je vivais, tu serais mort!*

On the other hand, Poe's brilliancy of mind, his independence, his princely poetical genius, his sensibility and suffering, his contempt of convention and manners, his instinctive appreciation of woman—these have secured him admirers, and have won him hearts whose tributes of affection are a world of proof in his favor. Prof. Spalding, in his *History of English Literature* (an English work), assigns him a high rank in American authorship. Translated by Mme. Meunier into French, his tales have awakened the highest enthusiasm in the French mind, an enthusiasm which has found voice in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, the *Revue Française*, and a host of minor periodicals. In Germany, Poe's works are published in Alphonse Durr's Leipzig "Collection of Standard American Authors." Gilfillan has lavished praises upon his genius, and assigns him a prominent place among the "Portraits." In America his *personnel* has been always too much in the minds of his critics for them to render him full justice; yet we have no scarcity of testimonials even here. A writer in the *Southern Literary Messenger* styles him "the true head of American literature." Even the *North American Review* has accorded Poe a high position, notwithstanding its million abuses which sprang,

as every one knows, from the undisguised contempt in which he held that mammoth exponent of Boston prejudice.

The reviewer to whom we have elsewhere made reference, mentions, as witnesses in substantiation of his hearty, wholesale, and apparently gratuitous aspersions on Poe, a list of individuals—Mr. Allan, the Faculty of Maryland (Virginia?) University, the President of the Military Academy at West Point, the officers of the regiment from which he deserted, Mr. White, Mr. Burton, Mr. Godey, and Poe himself. What *can* the formidable catalogue mean? Can it be necessary to take it item by item and expose the flaunting presumption of such a flourish? Let us see. As to Mr. Allan.—A kind of step-mother difficulty occurs. The events even are studiously kept from the public. Gossip must have a victim. Poe is alone. He scorns to reply to Mrs. Grundy. The matter, as to him, stops there. He has since been severe upon certain Yankee kiting in literature. The castigated victims of his criticism smart, and remember the old rumor. *Therefore*—such is Grundian logic—he must be guilty of whatever Mrs. Grundy had surmised. Such is practical charity. The *facts* are with God. These braited insinuations against Poe, now, show only the character of his accusers—only an atrocious malignity of heart. What, in the second place, have the Faculty of the Virginia University or the President of the Military Academy to deliver against Poe, save the event that he was expelled from the former institution for reckless dissipation, and that he left the latter after nearly one year's fruitless effort to conform to its rigid requirements? The circumstances, we are perfectly aware, are presumptive evidence

against him, but nothing farther. Many good and great men have been expelled from institutions of learning. Gibbon, Pollock, Shelley, Coleridge, Byron, and many others, were step-mothered by their *almes*.

Our purpose here is not to defend the *morale* of Poe, but to expose the fallacy in the charge of his accusers. Be he innocent or guilty, it matters not, the charge is fallacious, and therein false. The prosecution produces a list of witnesses. The validity of the charge depends in a great degree upon its integrity. When we shall have shown that it is false in part, we shall have established a legitimate suspicion, at least, of the advocate's veracity. Let us see. Messrs. Allen and White are dead, and have left no record of their final testimony. Mr. Graham's disavowal, under his own signature, years ago, of such a relation of hostility to Poe, is as notorious as it is utter in its falsification of this fabricated charge. To have ignored the fact shows ignorance or deliberate perversion of truth. From Mr. Burton we believe no opinion has been published. Of Mr. Godey the editor of the Knickerbocker, January, 1857, says:—"Mr. L. A. Godey, publisher of 'The Lady's Book,' Philadelphia, writes us to say, that *he* is not to be 'counted in' among those in Philadelphia to whom the late Edgar A. Poe proved faithless, in his business and literary intercourse. His conduct towards Mr. Godey was in all respects honorable and unblameworthy. The remark which elicits the note of Mr. Godey was copied as a quotation into our pages from the *N. A. Review*." What, in fine, says the state's evidence—Poe himself?—"The errors and frailties which I deplore, it cannot at least be asserted that I have been the coward to deny. Never, even, have I made

attempt at extenuating a weakness which is a calamity, although those who did not know me intimately had little reason to regard it otherwise than as a crime. For, indeed, had my pride, or that of my family permitted, there was much—very much—there was everything—to be offered in extenuation.”

Such is the reviewer's array of witnesses, and such is his success in verifying the slanderous gossip of the Rev. R. W. Grundy, and others of the Grundy family, endowed with an appetite and throat capable of swallowing anything. They have rashly sought to “draw his frailties from their dread abode.” It might have become his reverend memoirist to bethink him of the charity of his creed; and especially to re-peruse the caution about glass houses. If Poe's frailties must be thus dwelt upon, in God's name, let them be sealed with the sanction of truth. We are fully aware—which the reviewer seems not to be—of the pertinency of the sterling maxim of the lawyers, *Ponderanda sunt testimonia non numeranda*; and yet we feel that justice to truth, no less than to Poe (and we write in defence of truth, not of Poe), calls for some opinions from men who are not writhing under the lash of his criticism; or who, like Prof. Longfellow, have the magnanimity to forget mere self in the cause of truth. Longfellow, shortly after Poe's death, says: “What a melancholy death is that of Mr. Poe—a man so richly endowed with genius! I never knew him personally, but have always entertained a high appreciation of his powers as a prose writer and a poet. * * * The harshness of his criticisms I have never attributed to anything but the irritation of a sensitive nature, chafed by some indefinite sense of wrong.” This is nobly and generously said

—nobly, for Poe was his enemy; generously, for that enemy had shown sometimes but little mercy to him. Mr. Willis's kindness of heart, and genial, appreciative spirit are signally illustrated in his notices of this man. We will connect a few sentences from his notice written upon the death of Poe. Referring to a business connection of several months which he had maintained with him, Mr. Willis says:—“Through all this considerable period, we have seen but one presentment of the man—a quiet, patient, industrious, and most gentlemanly person, commanding the utmost respect and good feeling by his unvarying deportment and ability. * * * invariably the same sad-mannered, winning and refined gentleman. * * * It was by rumor only, up to the day of his death, that we knew of any other development of manner or character. We heard, from one who knew him well (what should be stated in all mention of his lamentable irregularities), that, with a *single glass* of wine, his whole nature was reversed, the demon becoming uppermost, and, though none of the usual signs of intoxication were visible, his *will* was palpably insane. Possessing his reasoning faculties in excited activity, at such times, and seeking his acquaintances with his wonted look and memory, he easily seemed personating only another phase of his natural character, and was accused, accordingly, of insulting arrogance and bad-heartedness. In this reversed character, we repeat, it was never our chance to see him. We knew it from hearsay, and we mention it in connection with this sad infirmity of physical constitution; which puts it upon very nearly the ground of a temporary and almost irresponsible insanity. The arrogance, vanity, and depravity of

heart, of which Mr. Poe was generally accused, seem to us, to be referable altogether to this reversed phase of his character. * * * but, when himself, and as we knew him only, his modesty and unaffected humility, as to his own deservings, were a constant charm to his character." A gentleman of New York City, a scholar and a *litterateur*, as widely known as American literature itself, who knew Poe personally, thus speaks of him, in a correspondence upon the subject:—"I honestly regard the calumnies, to which you allude, as unqualified falsehoods. * * * His scorn of baseness was immense, and as he gave unsparing expression to it, all 'the baser sort' feared and hated him. In his later days he was a sick lion, and the donkeys came and kicked him—him at whose faintest roar they had formerly fled in terror."

These are the opinions of *men*. We now propose applying a more delicate touchstone to his character. Whatever were Poe's weaknesses, he was strong in the profound sympathy he could awaken in the heart of woman. It is the most unanswerable argument in any man's favor. From woman's decision in a test of character there can be no appeal. Based mainly upon intuition, it comes untrammelled by the errors of reason; and, within its sphere, it is *above* reason.

The late Mrs. Osgood has left a characteristic tribute to Poe's name and character, in her sketch of him embodied in the Rev. Mr. Griswold's Memoir. She commences it—addressing the memoirist—thus:—"You ask me, my friend, to write for you my reminiscences of Edgar Poe. For you, who knew and understood my affectionate interest in him, and my frank acknowledgment of that interest to

all who had a claim upon my confidence, for you, I will willingly do so. I think no one could know him—no one *has* known him personally—certainly no woman—without feeling the same interest.

* * * To a sensitive and delicately-nurtured woman, there was a peculiar and irresistible charm in the chivalric, graceful, and almost tender reverence with which he invariably approached all women who won his respect." Her regard for him was pure if earthly feeling *can* be pure. A wife, in all the comprehensive tenderness of that sacred word, she knew—nay, she *could* know—no impulse below the purest spirit-love for "that stray child of Poetry and Passion."

Mrs. Osgood was not alone in her appreciation of Poe. His spirit reached the adyta of other beings; and many as pure and as gentle as she stand living witnesses to the justness of her impression. One voice, among the rest, has breathed a plaintive strain, responsive to his own,—

"Wild, unearthly melody,
Whose monotone doth move
The saddest, sweetest cadences
Of sorrow and of love."

In this lady—for we are not drawing from a gallery of fancy portraits—genius of high order and rare accomplishments unite with the liveliest interest in her spirit-friend; and at his grave she has paid some of the most graceful tributes yet rendered by the American Muse to the memory of this gifted man.

But that devotion to the Poet which transcends all that others have felt or could feel for him (save only the love of the faithful Virginia), is the devotion of Mrs. Clemm. She loved him and watched over him as only a more than mother could do. She knew him intimately, daily, hourly, in all the

relations of home and of life; death, dwells with much force and when fortune smiled and beckoned propriety upon her affection, labor, him on to his heart's goal; in his suffering, and disinterestedness. hour of bitterness, when the many And now, the writer asks, "If condemned him, and the universe woman's devotion, born with a first was darkness and solitude to his love, and fed with human passion, soul; knew him when hope was hallows its object, as it is allowed gone, and the "Raven" sat upon to do, what does not a devotion his threshold,—yes! in life, and in like this—pure, disinterested and death she knew and *loved* him. holy as the watch of an invisible Mr. Willis, in his notice of Poe's spirit—say for him who inspired it?"

THE TOMB OF SARDANAPALUS.

"EAT, DRINK AND ENJOY THYSELF, FOR THIS IS ALL."

I lived, and fortune's lavish love
 Gave earth to my dominion,
 Far as Palmyra's traveled dove
 Could wave her milky pinion;
 And millions mail'd—a warrior's choice—
 At my imperial call,
 Uplifted Victory's trumpet-voice,
 To tell me—that was all.

The dew of pleasure's brilliant bowl
 My flagons foamed above:
 Voluptuous measures lapp'd my soul
 From woman's lips of love.
 Those lips have lost their tint and tone,
 The serpent holds my hall;
 And time but spares this cankered stone
 To ask thee what is all.

Go! idle in the summer shine
 Thy insect-life away;
 The worm alike from mine and thine
 Shall claim its kindred clay:
 Nor worse the beggars' bones shall breed,
 Than fills the princely pall.
 Behold thy doom! Laugh, drink and feed!
 Rejoice! for this is all!

TO HELLAS.

Land of proud deed and nobler thought!
Parent of Art! to thee belong
The model forms by Genius wrought
Of Science, eloquence and song.

The Muses' haunts are thine alone,
Olympus and the Spring divine,
No dwelling have the Sisters known
In any land on Earth but thine.

Age after age, to distant skies
On breezes borne thy voices float,
And echoes of their music rise
In Isles and Continents remote.

They built thy temples—while they stand,
In grace and beauty peerless all;
The Pilgrim from a distant land
Hoards the fair fragments—when they fall.

From Parian stone, their hands could rear
Divinities—Imperial Jove—
Athenè with the brandished spear,
The Goddess of the Idalian grove,

Apollo—twice a thousand years
Are gone—in youth and beauty's prime,
Proudly serene, the God appears,
Scorning, unscathed, the power of time;

Unchanged amid the changing throng
That pause and gaze with awe-struck eyes,
The mortal current sweeps along,
He stands the offspring of the skies,

Sublime as when, on Ilium's coast,
His arrows, with avenging aim,
Flew fast and nightly from the host,
Thy Warriors fed the funeral flame.

No braver spirits ever fought
For fame in deadlier fields than thine,
No purer hands or hearts have brought
Their sacrifice to Freedom's shrine.

Familiar like a household word
Thy names of Chiefs, of victories won,
Dull is the ear that never heard
Of Salamis and Marathon.

From time's far lengthening shadows still,
Like living men, thy Warriors start,
And with new fires of freedom fill,
In distant climes, the Patriot's heart.

There lives again the cherished name
Of Town and State in story told,
Another Athens guards the fame
And seeks the glory of the old.

Of matchless form thy glorious race,
 The strength, the beauty, mortals prize,
 In living forms of sculptured grace,
 Still charm the world's admiring eyes.

Refined in wit, in judgment keen,
 They felt the spells that mould the heart,
 In street and Temple daily seen,
 The breathing master-works of Art.

Amid the Theatre's broad round
 Of seats, till Eve's descending dews
 From Morn, they heard with garlands crowned
 The marvels of the Tragic Muse.

They loved the brave Athletic game
 By Pythian or Olympian Fane,
 Or where the sons of Hellas came
 For honors to the Isthmean plain.

Then ceased around each border feud,
 A truce prevailed on sea and shore,
 And Towns and States again pursued
 Their peaceful contests as before.

There stood the Racer far renowned,
 Shining his supple limbs with oil,
 There wreaths of pine and olive crowned
 The Discus and the Wrestler's toil.

With lifted scourge the Charioteer
 Bent o'er his panting steeds, afar
 He sees the goal and thundering near,
 Hears at his back the rival car.

To history's page with wonders fraught
 From the wrapt crowd applauses rang,
 There every Muse her votary brought,
 And Plato taught and Pindar sung.

Joyous thy sports! no heaps of dead
 Stained with brute gore the abhorrent earth,
 No bands of gladiators bled,
 Their agony a people's mirth.

Not thine, the Roman robber's mood!
 That daily loved with gloating eyes
 To watch, as from the crimson flood
 The rank, hot, steams of carnage rise.

Bandit and butcher of the world!
 Fiend of cruelty and pride!
 Where'er his banners were unfurled
 The soul-life of the Nations died.

His sports were butcheries, his heart
 Sensual and gross, and brutal, drew
 No softening influence from Art
 Like that thy gentler people knew.

But gone thy glories! Time has swept
 Away the God, the pillared Fane,
 And many a manly heart has wept
 By hill and desolated plain.

Yet, though beneath the iron heel
Of barbarous hordes, though every ill
And curse that conquered Countries feel
Cling to thy fallen fortunes still ;

Thou art not dead—their native fire
Burns in thy veins though long repress,
And memories of the past inspire
The hero in the peasant's breast.

In words harmonious as before,
Deep voices rise from Delphi's steep,
And where the surge on Sunium's shore,
Rolls from the blue Ægian deep ;

From fallen tower and crumbling wall,
Ruins of cities long deplored,
At midnight's solemn hour they call
For vengeance on the turbaned horde.

Not always shall they vainly urge
The friends who love their deathless strains,
But swords—avenging swords—shall scourge
The Moslem from thy hills and plains.

Saxon or Celt, or Russ, whiche'er
Redeems thee—his, for endless days,
The World's applause, the patriot's cheer,
The Minstrel's song, the Scholar's praise.

Waked from long sleep, thy vales again
And shores shall then with gladness ring,
Thine Arts resume their ancient reign,
The Muse inspire, the Poet sing.

Sculpture her wondrous forms restore,
The pencil charm admiring eyes,
And for a purer faith once more
Thy Temples glitter to the skies.

S O N G .

O! your eyes are deep, and tender,
O! your charmed voice is low,
But I've found your beauty's splendor
All a mockery, and a show—
Slighted heart, and broken promise,
Follow whereso'er you go.

All your words are fair, and golden,
All your actions base, and wrong,
Not the noblest soul's beholden
To your weak affections long,
Only true in—lover's fancy,
Only constant in—his song.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

The calamity which has overtaken the commercial and financial affairs of the country, so suddenly, so unexpectedly, and without adequate reason, is so much the universal topic of conversation, that we may be pardoned for devoting a few sentences to the subject.

It is affirmed by the most intelligent men that the banks of New York, which regulate the money concerns of the United States, without the shadow of any responsibility to them, are the cause of the misfortune. They have acted without judgment, under the influence of panic, in opposition to the advice of the most experienced and wise. It is one of their important duties to watch the export of gold to Europe, to check it, when in excess, by contracting their circulation, to stop that contraction so soon as the cause for it ceases, and to meet the wants of commerce by additional facilities so long as the foreign demand for money permits them to do so with safety. They have discharged this duty unfaithfully, recklessly, ruinously.

We will not trouble our readers with figures. It is enough to say that the banks of New York, in the month of August, began to contract their circulation. Early in September the export of specie ceased. It could no longer be shipped without loss. The contraction ought to have ceased also. There was no longer any legitimate reason for it. But no! the contraction continued all through the month of September, until it reached, early in October, to the enormous amount of \$30,000,000, making the circulating medium nearly one-third less than it had been in the month of July.

For this unexampled contraction there was no apparent reason. The condition of the banks was as good, indeed rather better than usual; speculation, in the city was not more than it commonly is; imports were not in greater excess than the increased resources of the country seemed fully to justify. With no cause, from absurd panic only and want of concert among the fifty banks that rule the commerce of the United States, this great calamity has fallen upon the whole country.

If there is any cause outside of the

action of the banks which has contributed to produce the lamentable condition of affairs which every where surrounds us, it may be traced to the licentious legislation of Congress. Their enormous grants of public land to railroad companies are fruitful sources of evil. Every grant and company became a centre of speculation from which radiated a thousand kindred schemes. It was the direct interest of every company to foster all sorts of wild projects, to hold out extravagant promises and delusive expectations. They sought to have men, women and children engaged in buying stocks, town lots, tracts of wild land. They succeeded in imbuing all hearts with rage to get rich, not by honest labor, but gambling speculations.

What is the consequence of this madness or folly? The banks every where have suspended, stocks are made valueless, merchants are ruined, workmen and day laborers are thrown out of employment, the whole business of the country is thoroughly deranged. We have not yet seen the end. It remains for us to hear what effect the money embarrassments of the United States are to produce in Europe. If they act powerfully and disastrously there, we have the reaction to undergo here on the value of every kind of property, and on every pursuit and enterprise, great or small.

In this great tempest, dismantling the noblest ships and making wreck of the strongest and boldest, what is to be the fate of our little shallop we cannot tell. Alas! that Mammon and his banks should exercise any control over the groves and temples of the Muses. But so it is. We wait on the turn of fortune, *felic faustumque sit*. We shall wrap our cloak about us the more resolutely as the gale blows stronger, and not yield, except when no longer able to contend. We have given time, labor, care, to the enterprise, and, as we have reason to believe, not without some success at home and abroad. We are willing to do so still with all our heart. But if fortune, which does not spare the cottage any more than the palace, shall decree otherwise, we will yield with as good a grace as we can command, carrying with us the convic-

tion that, to the best of our ability, we have not been remiss in earnest application to our task.

A correspondent addressing us upon the subject of the Drama, regrets "that there is not to be found in American literature, a single original play which deals with contemporary events and characters, or attempts to depict the peculiar genius of our people and institutions." We think that our correspondent is mistaken. "Norman Maurice," by Wm. Gilmore Simms, is precisely the sort of drama, the absence of which he deplors. The subject is one of contemporaneous interest—the scene, the United States; and the "*dramatis personæ*" eminently representative of certain types of American character. Of this play we find the following critique in one of the back numbers of the "Literary World," a journal, by the way, which the *literati* of Gotham should never have permitted to die out:

"In Norman Maurice we have a noble ideal of many of the best qualities of our nature; trust, bravery, eloquence, address; responded to in the heroine, Clarice, who is to be taken, we suppose, for the representative of the Southern lady, in all the graces, both gentle and active, which belong to that fair type of our lovely country-women. The other characters are well discriminated—and have assigned to them scenes and situations which, as far as we can judge this side of actual representation, must be telling and effective upon the stage. There is particular skill, we should mention, shown in the involution and development of motive; with the reciprocal action of the characters upon each other. Among the most successful of these we may point to an early scene, the fourth of the first act—in the encounter of Maurice and Warren—with its stormy passions aroused and the after-sunshine poured upon it by the entrance of Clarice.

"Scattered all over the piece are gems of poetic illustration, moralizing, and philosophy; such as the writer is accustomed in all his writings to disburse with a liberal hand. We hope to have an opportunity to see this drama upon the stage (of which it is in every way most worthy,) when we shall take an opportunity to renew our respects, and regard it more particularly in its character of an acting play."

That "Norman Maurice" is an able play, and eminently fitted for the stage, is but a portion of the praise which is its due. In productions of a dramatic stamp there should be two kinds of excellence—

first, that which is obviously addressed to stage effect; and, secondly, the more important and far more difficult merit of combining a philosophical analysis of character with the rapid evolution of incident. To strike that happy mien which prevents a play from becoming too didactic for representation, or too melo-dramatic for the closet, is an end as rarely gained, as it is desirable to gain it. When attained it is a triumph of art. None but the true poet—the man who knows that behind the palpable relation and appearances of things, there lies a latent meaning—and who can combine the artistic delineation of our nature with the proper sequence of stirring event and picturesque movement, is capable of producing a powerful Drama.

It is impossible for us here to criticise "Norman Maurice," but we must be permitted to say, that in the conception and development of the noblest type of manhood in the hero, and a lively exemplification of feminine purity, strength of character and devotedness in the heroine, aided by a skilful variety of circumstance, and an unexpected, but natural dénouement, this tragedy is a production of great originality, force and beauty.

The initial volume of "Collections of the South Carolina Historical Society," will be issued ere this number can have reached all our readers, and will inaugurate, we trust, an era of revived and active attention to the elements and sources of our early history, which has been too much and too long neglected. This Society, now in its third year, and fairly and in good purpose beginning to show forth its labors, originated in a patriotic and commendable determination of a few citizens who had long deplored the neglect of our historic materials, at home and abroad. Quietly, unostentatiously, and in good faith, pursuing the purpose and pledge of its organization, the Society has already collected a mass of materials, documents and memorials that would not, perhaps, have been rendered available in any other mode for our future investigations. Descending to even a public demonstration at once of the felt want of such an agency, of its determination, and of the possibility of yet retrieving in great part, the results of long and inveterate neglect, the Society applied to our General Assembly, at the session of 1856, for a corporate recognition, and for a pitance of aid to meet the exigencies of a class of publications, which cannot of course be expected to become constantly

remunerative, or even self-compensating. These requests were promptly granted, and the result was the early preparation for the press of the opening volume, whose forthcoming appearance we are now enabled to announce, from an examination of proof sheets, with which we have been favored by the committee having charge of the publication.

It will become a duty, as well as a privilege, to notice the work more critically on its publication, and to estimate its value as a contribution to historic materials, and as a promise, pledge, and basis of future accessions. It may not be premature at present to note briefly and generally the contents of the volume, and this may be done in a few words.

The place of introduction is properly and worthily occupied by "an address pronounced at the organization of the South Carolina Historical Society, June 28th, 1857, by F. A. Porcher, Professor of History, &c., in the College of Charleston, and Recording Secretary of the South Carolina Historical Society." This address is an able and well considered survey of the prominent points, topics and problems of the first half century of our colonial history—a period of our history important as the age of germinal development and popular self-culture, for all our institutions and habits of a generic character. This period has been sadly slurred over by historians, neglected by our own students and inquirers, and for the most part overlooked in American histories. Yet, within this period there arose and was perfected the first great American Revolution—the first great move of conscious and deliberate self-government tested by our people on the past arena of Americanism.

The importance of this period, the problems and exigencies it affords for the historic inquirer, the statesman and the ethnologist, and its germinal relations to later and wider manifestations of the political genius of America, are suggestively illustrated and presented in this address. An interesting topic of the address also is a statement and discussion of the causes and influences that combined in promoting and perfecting out of variant, discordant and apparently interwoven elements of original population, the richly composite, yet homogeneous type of Carolina character.

The next ingredient of the volume, and that which will be regarded, perhaps, as the chief contribution of immediate interest and value, is the journal and correspondence of Henry Laurens, during his confinement in the

Tower. This is, in all respects, of substantial value and historic illustration—entirely a new and original addition to records previously accessible; and the MSS. which compose it are but a portion of a valuable donation of family archives, memoranda and originals of sacred interest, now in the possession of the Society.

The volume is filled out with "a list and abstract of documents relating to South Carolina, now existing in the State Paper Office, London, prepared for the South Carolina Historical Society, by an authorized agent in London." This portion, we think, will be received as a most appropriate and well timed contribution of the Society, and will afford the reader even slightly or indifferently versed in our history, some standard by which to estimate the chasm that mars our records at home, and the desideratum which it is aimed at by this Society to supply in the course of its progress.

We feel, however, the temptation which besets us, to enter into a fuller review of a work which is not yet before any of our readers, and we must desist. The volume will be published by the Society, but for convenience and supply—so far as the edition will permit to purchasers—will bear the imprints of Russell & Jones, and S. G. Courtenay & Co., of Charleston, to either of which houses we refer the timely inquiries of all who are not within the list of immediate and original supply.

We take the occasion of remarking that it will be our duty, at all times, to afford a due space to the transactions, proceedings, inquiries and movements of Historical Societies, and other associations of our section, that are engaged in any branch of science, literature or high art, should they need any organ of common reference and intercourse more permanent and suitable than the daily journal.

In DeQuincey's "*Historical Essays*" we have a curious argument upon the subject of the *Essenes*, in which the author attempts to prove that the early Christians and the *Essenes* were really one sect. "They were one," he says, "because upon any other supposition, Christianity, as a knowledge, must have been taught independently of Christ; nay, in opposition to Christ." Pliny has left a statement, stigmatized by DeQuincey as "a hyperbolic fairy tale," to the effect that the *Essenes* existed many centuries before the Christian era. Of course, therefore, he regarded the *Essenes* as a distinct sect,

thereby confirming the authority of Josephus. His testimony, too, is the stronger upon this point, inasmuch as in his celebrated letter to Trajan, he speaks of the Christian doctrines, their spread, and the necessity of suppressing them. In spite, however, both of Josephus and of Pliny, DeQuincey enters upon the proof of the position he has laid down with uncommon zeal, confidence, and acuteness. His first step is to destroy the character of the Jewish historian, and, consequently, our dependence upon his veracity. He considers Josephus as the prince of renegades and traitors. His obstinate defence of Jotapha for a period of *seven weeks*, (at the end of which time the town was betrayed, and thousands put to the sword,) weighs as nothing in the balance against his crimes. He is represented as servile, truckling, mean, and dastardly. Not only are we called upon to regard him as a traitor, but as the most despicable of apostates—a traitor, because he predicted that Vespasian would one day enjoy the imperial dignity, and an apostate, because he perverted the doctrines of the Hebrew code, attributing to it a license foreign to its nature and constitution. Having bound Josephus, therefore, so far as his credibility as a witness is concerned, hand and foot, DeQuincey proceeds to draw from that portion of the Jewish history relating to the Essenes, arguments (founded on a similarity between the reported ceremonies and character of that sect, and the lessons taught by Christ,) in support of the theory that the primitive Christians, fearful that persecution would utterly destroy them, resorted to the “wisdom of the serpent,” and formed themselves into an order, composed of three distinct divisions, the innermost or most holy division of all, being the depository of a certain mysterious secret, not to be revealed, except to the initiated. This secret, DeQuincey maintains, was—CHRISTIANITY.

We have not time to enter into the minutiae of the evidence he adduces to support this opinion. We would only suggest a few objections, which we think may still be fairly urged against its establishment.

1st. The institution of a secret society by the early Christians, appears entirely at war with the essential spirit of their faith. The express command of their Founder, is—preach the gospel to all people. The supposition, that alarmed at the increase of persecution, they feared an *extinction* of their sect, would argue a laxity of faith in the promises of Christ, which we cannot believe his fol-

lowers entertained, so soon after the miracles of his life; and the yet more awful miracle of his death.

2d. Is it possible to suppose that comparatively unimportant men, such as the primitive Christians confessedly were, should be able to constitute themselves the leaders,—the sacred core of a sect, numbering, in what DeQuincey calls, its “penultimate and ante-penultimate” orders, some of the most influential of the Jewish communities?

3d. Pliny, in the very letter we have alluded to, written but forty years after the siege of Jerusalem, speaks of the Christians, as a sect, who had extended themselves over the whole of Palestine; and whose principles were open and avowed; a fact which militates strongly against the supposition that they and the Essenes were one, for why should an order, created expressly to ward off persecution at one time, rush headlong into it at another?

4th. Wherever History reveals to us the lives of the Christians, individually or collectively, we find that they *court* persecution,—first, as a means of glorifying God, and secondly, as a means of extending their religion. The very “wisdom of the serpent,” attributed to them, brought the truth home to their understandings, that through fiery trials were they to reach the Palm and the Crown.

5th. The opinion that the “dignity of Christian truth” depends upon the belief that the Essenes and the primitive Christians were one, because of the *purity* of life and doctrine manifested by the *former*, seems scarcely tenable, when we consider that many sects, besides the Essenes, have practiced a pure morality, who had never heard of Christianity—and, moreover, that the peculiar species of morality here exhibited, partakes far more of narrow and selfish austerity, than of the liberal, *evangelizing* spirit, which we find throughout the Gospels.

We have alluded so far to the subject of the Essenes, because we deem it, considered even as a question of “antiquarian research,” as one of great interest. We commend DeQuincey’s essay—which, however doubtful may be its conclusions, is a vigorous and logical dissertation—to readers who can derive pleasure in probing the darker secrets of the *Past*, and gathering from stray nooks and corners of history, lights, however feeble, with which to examine the remote records of mankind. In conclusion, we extract a part of DeQuincey’s paper (though not bearing upon his account of the Essenes,) which is unrivalled as a piece of invective. It relates to the perfidy of Josephus.

"The overthrow of his country was made the subject of a Roman triumph—of a triumph in which his patrons, Vespasian and his two sons, figured as the centres of the public honor. Judea, with her banners trailing in the dust, was on this day to be carried captive. The Jew attended with an obsequious face, dressed in courtly smiles. The prisoners who are to die by the executioner when the pomp shall have reached the summit of the hill, pass by in chains. What is their crime? They have fought like brave men for that dear country, which the base spectator has sold for a bribe. Josephus, the prosperous renegade, laughs as he sees them, and hugs himself on his cunning. Suddenly a tumult is seen in the advancing crowds—what is it that stirs them? It is the sword of the Maccabees; it is the image of Judas Maccabeus, the warrior Jew, and of his unconquerable brothers. Josephus grins with admiration of the jewelled trophies. Next—but what shout is that which tore the very heavens? The abomination of desolation is passing by—the Law and the Prophets, surmounted by Capitoline Jove, vibrating his pagan thunderbolts. Judea, in the form of a lady, sitting beneath her palms—Judea, with her head muffled in her robe, speechless, sightless, is carried past. And what does the Jew? He sits, like a modern reporter for a newspaper, taking notes of the circumstantial features in this unparalleled scene, delighted as a child at a puppet-show, and finally weaves the whole into a picturesque narrative. The apologist must not think to evade the effect upon all honorable minds by supposing the case that the Jew's presence at this scene of triumph over his ruined country, and his subsequent record of its circumstances, must be a movement of frantic passion—bent on knowing the worst, bent on drinking up the cup of degradation to the very last drop. No, no: this escape is not open. The description itself remains to this hour in attestation of the astounding fact, that this accursed Jew surveyed the closing scene in the great agonies of Jerusalem—not with any thought for its frenzy, for its anguish, for its despair, but absorbed in the luxury of its beauty, and with a single eye for its purple and gold. 'Off, off, sir!'—would be the cry to such a wretch in any age of the world: to 'spit upon his Jewish gaberdine,' would be the wish of every honest man. Nor is there any thoughtful person who will allege that such another case exists.—Traitors there have been many; and perhaps traitors who, trusting to the extinction of all their comrades, might have

had courage to record their treasons. But certainly there is no other person known to history who did, and who proclaimed that he did, sit as a volunteer spectator of his buried country carried past in effigy, confounded with a vast carnival of rejoicing mobs and armies, echoing their jubilant outcries, and pampering his eyes with ivory and gold, with spoils, and with captives, torn from the funeral pangs of his country. That case is unique, without a copy, and without a precedent."

Here is a profound truth, embodied in striking, vigorous, bitter words. We extract the passage from Bulwer's "*My Novel*."

In the good old days of our forefathers, when plain speaking and hard blows were in fashion—when a man had his heart at the tip of his tongue, and four feet of sharp iron dangling at his side, Hate played an honest, open part in the theatre of the world. In fact, when we read history, it seems to have "starred it" on the stage. But now where is Hate?—who ever sees its face? Is it that smiling good-tempered creature, that presses you by the hand so cordially? or that dignified figure of state that calls you its "right honorable friend"? Is it that bowing, grateful dependent?—is it that soft-eyed Amaryllis? Ask not, guess not; you will only know it to be Hate when the poison is in your cup, or the poinard in your breast. In the Gothic age, grim Humor painted "the Dance of Death:" in our polished century, some sardonic wit should give us "the Masquerade of Hate."

Certainly, the counter-passion betrays itself with ease to our gaze. Love is rarely a hypocrite. But Hate—how detect, and how guard against it? It lurks where you least suspect it; it is created by causes that you can the least foresee; and civilization multiplies its varieties, whilst it favors its disguise; for civilization increases the number of contending interests, and refinement renders more susceptible to the least irritation the cuticle of self-love. But Hate comes covertly forth from some self-interest we have crossed, or some self-love we have wounded; and, dullards that we are, how seldom we are aware of our offence! You may be hated by a man you have never seen in your life; you may be hated as often by one you have loaded with benefits; you may so walk as not to tread on a worm; but you must sit fast on your easy-chair till you are carried out to your bier; if you would be sure not to

tread on some snake of a foe. But, then, what harm does the Hate do us? Very often the harm is unseen by the world as the Hate is unrecognized by us. It may come on us, unawares, in some solitary by-way of our life; strike us in our unsuspecting privacy; thwart us in some blessed hope we have never told to another; for the moment the world sees that it is Hate that strikes us, its worst power of mischief is gone.

The following anecdote of Dr. South was related by Mr. Webster, in his speech upon the great India Rubber case, and is quoted as an instance of the facility and felicity of illustration possessed by the great orator. It was exceedingly apposite to the testimony of a witness in the case.

"May it please your Honors, I remember to have heard an anecdote of the celebrated Divine, Dr. South—a man of great learning and virtue. He relieved himself of his clerical duties one summer by traveling rather *incog.* He went into a country church in the North of England one Sabbath morning, and heard the rector read a sermon. In coming from the church, the rector suspected him to be a brother of the ministry, and spoke to him. He received the rector's courtesies, and thanked him for the very edifying sermon he had preached, suggesting that it must have been the result of a good deal of labor. 'Oh, no,' said the rector, 'we turn off these things rapidly. On Friday afternoon and Saturday morning I produced this discourse.' 'Is that possible, sir?' said Dr. South; 'it took me three weeks to write that very sermon.' 'Your name is not Dr. South?' said the rector. 'It is, sir,' said Dr. South. 'Then,' said the rector, 'I have only to say, that I am not ashamed to preach Dr. South's sermons anywhere.'"

A correspondent, whose verses have for months past formed one of the most charming and agreeable features in the poetical department of our magazine, sends us the following weird production, which he entitles "A Common Thought:"

Somewhere on this earthly planet,
In the dust of flowers to be,
In the dew-drop, in the sunshine,
Sleeps a solemn day for me.

At this wakeful hour of midnight,
I behold it dawn in mist—
And I hear a sound of sobbing
Through the darkness—hiss! oh, hiss!

In a dim and musky chamber,
I am breathing life away;
Some one draws a curtain softly,
And I watch the broadening day:

As it purples in the zenith,
As it brightens on the lawn;
There's a hush of Death about me,
And a whisper—"He is gone!"

Our able contemporary, the *Southern Literary Messenger*, of Richmond, (Va.) the only periodical published South of the Potomac, which uninterruptedly, for a period of twenty-five years, has sustained the literary honor and dignity of our section, continues to maintain its ancient reputation, and promises, we should say, from present indications, to flourish vigorously for twenty-five years more. It is true, that some months since this sterling magazine seemed in danger of following its numberless predecessors to the grave prepared for it by public neglect; but a timely and earnest appeal from the proprietors appears to have been effectual, and the work now occupies its old position, as the staunch vindicator of Southern institutions and Southern mind. Jno. R. Thompson, who for ten years and upwards, has been at his editorial helm, has displayed in the management of its various departments, an industry, talent and discretion, which should secure him the applause of the country. His criticisms of current publications have been particularly felicitous. The policy pursued by Mr. Thompson, in the preparation of his monthly *literary notices*, meets with our hearty approbation. We observe that of late, certain Virginia journals have undertaken to find fault with what they call his "injudicious leniency towards Northern books and authors." Now, it seems to us, that when a work is purely *literary*, interfering in no degree with the "peculiar institution," or our rights under it, common honesty requires that it should be reviewed without reference to the birth-place of its author, or the locale of its publication. A true literary spirit is essentially liberal, and the Editor who should arraign Irving's "Washington," or Hawthorne's *Tales*, upon the charge that their authors were Northern men, would be guilty evidently of the grossest absurdity. And yet such is the course which Mr. Thompson's critics would recommend him to adopt. The principle they advocate, legitimately carried out, can only end in this glaring folly. *The Messenger* has been sufficiently stern in its reprobation of all anti-

slavery books, and in its notices of *Southern Literature*, and those who cultivate and really adorn it, there is always a heartiness and geniality, which speak well for Mr. Thompson's patriotism. Long may the *Messenger* live and flourish! the consistent exponent of every interest of the South—intellectual and political!

It seems that certain individuals, in a Northern State, have formed an association for the patriotic purpose of bringing to popular notice the lives and services of their distinguished countrymen, without distinction of professions or sections. The "*modus operandi*" is simple, but ingenious. Having discovered by some system, we don't precisely understand who are the "principal inhabitants" of the various cities, towns and villages of the Union, a flattering letter in the name and under the great seal of the association, is directed to each and all of them, intimating that the time has at length arrived, when the talent and learning of this wide commonwealth can no longer be permitted to rest in obscurity, and that the necessities of the age demand that the Biographies of Messrs. Jos. Tompkins and Robert Jenkins, respectively, be presented to an enlightened and appreciative public. At the reception of the epistle, Tompkins stares and Jenkins becomes thoughtful. What had either of these gentlemen done to give a national interest to their names? With every bias in their own favor, they are unable to discover; but of course they must have accomplished something, true ability is modest, and it would be altogether unbecoming to fly in the face of the association for disseminating the knowledge of American talent; so Biographical memoranda are supplied, and, in due time Joseph Tompkins and Robert Jenkins behold themselves immortalized in neat articles of from ten to fifteen pages of the association's magazine, headed by a likeness of each, which is quite as complimentary as the notice. But the matter does not end here. As the gentlemen are felicitating themselves upon their sudden notoriety, they receive by post, carefully secured, and curiously itemized—a Bill. Debtors to the amount of one hundred and fifty dollars—a hundred for the distinction, and fifty for the printing—the victims of this stupendously clever transaction are at last mortified by the discovery that they have been subjected to a species of robbery even more than usually exacting, as they have been compelled to yield up both "their money and their lives." It may be imagined,

in what a condition of despondency J. T. and R. J. are plunged upon the discovery of the deception, and in what heart-rending accents they exclaim with shame and humiliation—"A barren title have we bought too dear."

A journal entitled the "*Fayetteville North Carolinian*," which, to judge from the *only number* we have seen, must be a well conducted and spirited paper, contains in its issue of October 17th, a somewhat elaborate article upon "*Southern Literature*," in the course of which occur the ensuing remarks:

"Sometime since a Southern monthly was established, and sanguine hopes were and still are entertained of its success as a Southern literary enterprise. We hailed its advent with no little pride and gratification; for we saw that genius was at the helm, and we knew that Southern talent could freight the vessel with cargoes of princely value.

"With sincere pleasure, and—we may surely say it without self-laudation—with patriotic enthusiasm we wrote to the editor offering him our columns as an advertising medium, together with our paper, for the privilege of exchanging; assuring him furthermore that we would take pleasure as a Southern man, both editorially and otherwise, in enlarging his circulation. We wrote fervidly, heartily, with no more self-interest in the matter than we would exercise in subscribing a dollar to the Washington monument. But that was the last of it. We never received an answer to our note, nor from that day to this have we seen a copy of the magazine. Our ardor in the cause of Southern literature is not at all diminished thereby; nor do we the less sincerely wish the enterprise abundant success. But we know that, (let us say it parenthetically) there are some fifty or more names *not* upon his subscription books which otherwise would have figured there for twelve months at least.

"How many others of our cotemporaries were similarly snubbed, we can only judge by not having seen any mention made of the magazine in their columns. We can both, perhaps, get along without each other; but such a spirit is by no means promotive of the advancement and exaltation of our periodical literature. We fear that there is too much of it existing, both on the part of magazine and newspaper publishers.—What may be the motive influence in pursuing such a course, we may not say. They know best: but we humbly suggest that a slight relaxation from that unbend-

ing rigidity might, in some instances, prove at least profitable. We could not be more lucid on this point without calling names in connection therewith; and that we do not purpose doing."

As "*Russell's Magazine*" is the only "Southern Monthly" recently established, we presume that the foregoing strictures apply to us. Now, we assure Mr. Wm. F. Wightman, the Editor of the *North Carolinian*, that the letter to which he refers, never reached us, consequently, not having been brought into communication with either Mr. Wightman, or his paper, we plead guilty to the high misdemeanor of neglecting to "answer his note," and even confess that in one sense we have snubbed "the *North Carolinian*."

But, did it never occur to Mr. Wightman "that a Magazine Editor, whose exchange list is very considerable, (ranging from one hundred and fifty to two hundred exchanges,) might possibly, and from no special neglect of his own, fail to notice some one of these multitudinous journals, and that, therefore, instead of holding up the said unfortunate Editor to public obloquy, a more charitable plan would be to address him privately upon the subject, requesting an explanation of his apparent discourtesy?" But our friend *did* write to us, and having written *once* "fervidly, heartily, and without a tinge of self-interest," he naturally feels mortified at our utter neglect—our obstinate silence.

We repeat, that his letter did not reach us. Otherwise, we should have replied promptly, and gratefully. Our policy, ever since the establishment of this periodical, has been especially liberal with regard to exchanges. Journals that cannot possibly, in *any* way, (whatever may be their good will,) afford us an equivalent, have regularly received our Magazine from the beginning. *We do not know of a single Southern publication, daily, tri-weekly or weekly, with which we have refused an exchange.* Doubtless, some have been overlooked. Accidents of this kind are inevitable. But the "*North Carolinian*" would seem to imply that a number of its contemporaries have been treated with neglect. We are ignorant of the newspaper statistics of North Carolina, but from Raleigh, Charlotte, Salisbury, Greensboro' and Wilmington, we are in the frequent receipt of valuable journals. In a word, *every* paper from that State which we have had the good fortune to see, has been promptly placed upon our exchange list; and we are bound in justice to say that they *have* frequently and cordially "mentioned our

Magazine in their columns." That these notices have escaped the attention of the Editor of the "*North Carolinian*," only proves that his own exchange list is limited, or, that being comprehensive like our own, he has in the multitude of his "contemporaries," very excusably overlooked them. To convince Mr. Wightman that the neglect of which he complains is unintentional, we shall as soon as practicable mail him a bound copy of "*Russell's Magazine*," the contents of which, we trust, he will find both valuable and entertaining. Meanwhile, we have "booked" the "*North Carolinian*," and if ever "*Russell*" hereafter fails to make its appearance in due season, we beg our brother Editor to write an article on "the abuses of the present Post Office System."

Rev. Dr. Shaufler, says the *New York Courier*, for the last twenty-five years missionary at Constantinople, in the course of an address delivered last Sunday evening at Mr. Hogarth's church in Brooklyn, illustrating the general belief which prevails among the Turks, that their religion has closed its mission, stated the fact that the green coat of Mahomet, which is the sacred banner of Mahomedanism, had disappeared from Constantinople. This article is believed by every true Mahomedan to have been woven in heaven, and brought to Mahomet by the angel Gabriel; and it is also an article of belief that when the course of Islamism is to terminate the angel will again descend and re-take it to heaven. It has ever been regarded as the great sacred emblem, around which cluster all the prayers of the faithful, and without which all prayers would be unavailing. For centuries it has been guarded with the greatest care in a particular mosque at Constantinople.

When it was first reported last spring that it had suddenly disappeared, the missionaries did not give the story much credit; but all doubt has since been dispelled. The hypothesis of the missionaries is that the relic has been clandestinely taken away by some of the more bigoted ecclesiastics, who are convinced that Constantinople is about to lose its character as a sacred city and become christianized; and that they will probably, in due time, again bring the relic to light in some Mahomedan locality less exposed to Christian influence. Yet the general belief of the Mahomedans of Turkey is that the disappearance is supernatural, and that it is another proof that their religion will soon come to an end. Their interpretation of their sacred

books, it is well known, has long pointed to the present period as that which is to witness that extraordinary event. One thing is certain, that the sentiments of the great bulk of the Turkish Mahomedans towards the Christian religion, as well as of the Turkish Government itself, have undergone a most marvellous change within the last few years.

The following admirable *Sonnet*, by Howard H. Caldwell, we take from the "Carolina Times:"

On the death of J. B. Anderson, who having directed his Servant to leave him alone at his Prayers, was discovered a short time afterwards dead upon his knees.

A warrior, dying with his armor on,
A prophet, in his singing-ropes at death,
A lover, yielding in fond vows, his breath,
A King, deceasing on his regal throne,
A Priest, expiring at the altar-stone;
All these are types of thee, beloved friend!

Blest was thy life, and more than blest
thy end,

For in that end Life's highest glory shone.

Green be the turf along thy guileless
breast,

Calm be thy sleep, and be thy Memory
blest!

Thy ruling Passion, strong in death, we
see

An angel-instinct from some holier sphere
Bend o'er thy head to place Life's crown
on thee,

That life, like sweet perfume, breathed
out in prayer!

A correspondent of the *Christian Reflector*, is holding up a few pictures true to life, for the notice of such of his clerical brethren as may have need of them, hoping the reflection may do no harm. He says—"I notice in some cases a handkerchief habit in the pulpit, which has led me to inquire if the use of that very necessary article is a part of theological training. I notice some ministers take it out of their pockets, as they do their sermon, and lay it on the pulpit. Some spread it out lengthwise through the middle of the Bible; some roll it up and tuck it under the Bible; some shake it every few moments over their heads; some clench it in their hand, as if they were going to throw it at the audience; and some keep crowding it into their pockets and pulling it out again, with a

nervous movement, as if they did not know what other use to make of their hands. I went once to hear a popular young preacher, and as much as half his sermon was made up of pocket-handkerchief; and the most of the other half was gold watch and scraps of poetry.

Among the news by the Canada, (we quote from the *New York Mirror*,) is the announcement of the death of Auguste Comte, Chief of the Modern School of Positive Philosophy. Comte was born in 1797, was a disciple of the celebrated St. Simon, and believed in the necessity of a thorough renovation, founded upon a mental revolution. In 1826 he became insane, (in consequence of brain fever,) recovered as soon as he was pronounced incurable, although his enemies suggested that insanity tainted all his subsequent productions. He was for many years Professor in the Ecole Polytechnique. His positive Philosophy (900 pages) was written in three months. He was a thorough materialist, ignored the entire spiritual side of man, and shut up philosophy in the mere realm of sense. The latter years of his life were passed in seclusion—it being said that he was dependent on charity for a support.

Jeremy Collier's ideas of good criticism are eminently characteristic. If a man wishes to be a critic, he should deal with an author, says Collier, just as if he were an enemy. "To give him time to feel his limbs, and to march, may be of ill consequence; he may be joined by his friends, and gain upon the country, and then it will be too late to stop his progress."

Authors were formerly more modest than they are now. Even Dr. Johnson's temperament had a spice of self-depreciation in it. Speaking of a friend, Mr. Gilbert Walmesley—of whose society he was at one time fond—he says: "I honoured him, and he endured me." The language of a modern Johnson would be—"I endured him, and he honoured me."

A San Francisco paper contains the following conversation upon steam:

"Bob, what's steam?"

"Boiling water."

"That's right—compare it."

"Positive boil, comparative boiler, superlative burst."

LITERARY NOTICES.

The Complete Poetical Works of Leigh Hunt—Revised by himself and edited with an Introduction, by S. Adams Lee; in 2 vols. Ticknor & Fields, Boston.

This edition belonging to the "blue and gold" series of books which the publishers have rendered so popular, should be welcomed by every *belle lettres* scholar, and lover of poetry in the country.

Between the mechanical appearance and typographical character of these volumes, and the nature of the verses they contain, there is a peculiar correspondence. It is fitting that the dainty, fanciful and delicate Muse of Leigh Hunt should have her creations embodied in just such exquisite forms, and proud we are that in this instance, as in so many others, it has been reserved for American publishers first to shine in proper setting the gems of English thought.

The manner in which this edition is edited, and annotated, still further commends it to our regard. Mr. Lee has accomplished his pleasing duty with zeal, thoroughness and ability. His "introduction," well thought out, and elaborately composed, is vigorous and correct in its generalizations upon Art, while in its special and more minute criticism upon Hunt's poetry, we find a subtle analysis, and quick powers of appreciation and sympathy. A more scholarly production we have seldom read. True, some portions of it are a little too diffuse, and display perhaps too marked an essayical air; but evidently these faults—which can hardly be said to detract from the general excellence of the "Introduction"—are traceable to the rare virtue of over-conscientiousness—a desire to say everything which should be said, and to say it well. Following the introductory essay, we have a somewhat garrulous and egotistical, but charmingly characteristic letter from Leigh Hunt. His egotism, as some critic has justly remarked, is never offensive. On the contrary, so embellished is it with cunning and honeyed words, so essentially a part of the man's intellectual constitution, and peculiar *morale*, that we are almost

inclined to look upon it as a grace; certainly Leigh Hunt would no longer be himself, we should never recognize him without it.

Of the success of his writings in this country, he says: "I used to think that the interest taken by Americans in my writings, was caused in great measure by these kindred considerations; that is to say, by the circumstance above alluded to, of my being more closely allied to them *by blood* than any other British author." But he very sensibly adds—"I have begun of late to qualify my conclusions on this point. I suspect that the secret of American willingness to read what I write, lies, for the most part, in the amount of animal spirits which it develops; your country being nearer to the sun than ours, and the excess of fancy in its jesting, having of late years not a little surprised me."

Probably this is the secret, not only of his *American*, but his *European* popularity. Men who have "no music in their souls"—who take no pains to disguise the fact that they regard poets as triflers and poetry as "gammon"—are yet not ashamed to confess a partiality for Leigh Hunt. With such persons his abounding animal fervor, his overflow of genial spirits and never failing *bon homie*, give to his works a charm which intrinsically, and so far as their artistic merits are concerned, they would not otherwise possess. And even with the cultivated reader, it cannot be denied that Hunt's "champaigny cheerfulness" of temper is a most agreeable element in the composition of his verse. Take, for example, his "Story of Rimini." It is a tragedy steeped in the very hues of grief and sombre passion. When we read it in Dante, the effect is one of unalloyed sadness, but Hunt's version, while true to every detail of the mournful history, is so narrated that even the terrible catastrophe does not overwhelm us. Its most revolting scenes the author has invested with a freshness of sentiment and charm of fancy, with a buoyant hopefulness, suggesting a law of compensation in some other sphere and circle of life, which, to most readers, is irresistibly attractive.

But while discoursing upon the genius of Leigh Hunt as a Poet, we gladly introduce the well expressed criticism of Mr. Lee:

"The verdict of this age will undoubtedly be confirmed by posterity. Mr. Hunt's admirers do not claim for him a seat upon the very summit of Parnassus, among the mighty Masters of Song. Into their august circle no modern English Poet can be admitted. Yet below these, there is a host of bards, genuine sons of Apollo, among whom justice cannot deny our author a conspicuous place. He has some rare merits. His perception of the poetry of things is exquisitely subtle, and his fancy has a warm flush, a delicacy and affluence which are almost imitable. Fancy he possesses in a high degree, and scatters its graces profusely over his productions. He delights in surrounding an image with the most charming accessories, and his nice taste enables him to cull and arrange the ornaments with admirable dexterity and effect. This faculty is apparent even in his satires. The "Feast of the Poets" abounds with sparkling examples of it.

"His imagination is, we think, delicate rather than strong. He prefers to dwell upon minute beauties, and rarely takes in a grand prospect from a lofty mount of vision. Any one who has read his remarks upon the Poets, must have been struck with his admirable method of expounding their *necties* of meaning, as well as with the absence of broad and general views of the scope of their works. The same mental trait is manifest in his poetry. In his delineation of character, there are many happy touches of nature, delicate appreciation of certain phases of thought and emotion, and even scenes of strong passion well portrayed; yet we do not find living, passionate individualities. The *dramatis personæ* have a sort of shadowy indistinctness, which prevents us from perceiving any salient points about their characters.

"Leigh Hunt has a keen eye for the varying beauties of nature, and he reproduces them with wonderful effect. Even here, however, may be detected a lack of breadth. His is not the bold style which, with a few strong, almost coarse touches, sets a whole scene before us. He paints minutely, carefully, with elaborate and conscientious finish." p. 14.

To so just and discerning a critique, we have nothing to add. It covers very nearly the whole ground of Hunt's genius and performances.

But before closing this notice, we must call the reader's attention to an important literary project, in which the Editor

of the volumes under review, in conjunction with Leigh Hunt himself, is at present actively engaged.

These gentlemen propose to issue a book of *Sonnets*, composed of the best selections from the writings of Italian, English and American Sonneteers. *Ticknor & Fields* have, we understand, consented to publish it. This promises to be an interesting compilation. With the exception of Houseman's "*English Sonnets*," (a book of partial value, as its title implies,) we have no work which professes to illustrate the rhythmical force, beauty and ingenuity of the *Sonnet*. Hunt will superintend the Italian and English portions of the volume, while his coadjutor has boldly undertaken the American. From the taste and ability which Mr. Lee has exhibited in the capacity of Editor and Annotator, we augur most favorably as to his success in his new undertaking.

In our last number we spoke of the opening chapters of Mr. Reade's new novel of *WHITE LIES*, as of "a kind to disappoint that author's admirers." Fortunately we did not pretend to review the work, or to pass any final opinion upon it. Had we been guilty of a very common piece of critical dishonesty, the practice, namely, of settling the position of a work of Art, with scarcely any knowledge of its contents—taking our clue from the character of the initial chapters—we should, in the present instance, have committed ourselves to an absurd, and what is worse, an utterly false and untenable judgment.

"*White Lies*" is a story of uncommon merit. The author has displayed in it a more thorough mastery and command of his own brilliant powers, than in any of his previous tales. Let us briefly state what we conceive these powers to be. In the first analysis of Mr. Reade's mind, we encounter a certain sharp, shrewd, sarcastic faculty of observation, which bespeaks the presence of "the man of the world." We feel that he has studied human nature and society with an insight so keen and penetrating, that he is the last individual on earth to be deceived by the glossy surface, and tinsel of convention. He has a warm heart, a manly soul, a profound appreciation of virtue; but he does not believe that virtue is so common a thing, that men and women, in a novel, ought always to be painted *colour de rose*; on the contrary, he draws some very ugly characters: he has seen the dark side

of life, and is, at times, as bitter as Rochefoucauld, and as sneering as Mephistophiles. But his bitterness and his cynicism are never misdirected. To the good, and the right, and the true, Mr. Reade is loyal in his devotion. His constructive power is considerable. All his plots are elaborated and ingenious. They seldom fail of effect, although it is much to be regretted that the writer's habit of composing for the stage has fostered a passion for melo-drama, which, in season and out of season, he is continually indulging. It spoils some of his best conceived scenes, and imparts an artificial tone to works, intrinsically natural in portraiture, true in sentiment and forcible in thought, and moral.

Mr. Reade has been called an original thinker. This we cannot concede. No doubt his mode of viewing men and things is eccentric, and his style is often odd, and even affected, but this does not properly constitute originality. The fact is, Mr. Reade, as a Novelist, belongs to a school of Art, which (notwithstanding his emphatic protest against conventionalism of every description,) is essentially conventional. He always introduces us to a model lover, a model heroine, and a model villain. The two former are faithful to the death, and generally marry each other after enduring terrific tortures, and the latter who has contributed largely to the torture, is inevitably made to reap the fruits of his crimes. The real secret of the success of his works is to be found in the "brilliant fence" of their inimitable dialogues, the movement, bustle and rapidity of their action, and *not*, we contend, to any peculiar novelty, or vigor of conception. Mr. Reade's books are never dull. He would rather be paradoxical than tedious. He is not content calmly to engage the reader's attention, but seizes upon it with a fiery, excited grasp, and hurries him along to his *dénouements*, in a manner shocking to weak nerves and slow mental digestion. His stories are what, in modern phrase, is termed "sensational;" sometimes they go beyond this, and become "spasmodic." Let it be understood, however, that with all his faults, we look upon Mr. Reade as a writer of sterling merit. We have heard that he is a young man, and can well believe it from the testimony of the story now in the course of publication. This shows a manifest advance in the command of his various and effective resources. The plot is complicated. The *dramatis personæ* are numerous. The characterization is vivid; and, in fine, the tale possesses a salieney and freshness

which should make it one of the most popular works of the season.

In order to give our readers an idea of the author's style, as well as to sustain what we have said of his tendency to melo-drama, we quote the following scene, which, if judiciously "cast" and acted with proper spirit, would doubtless "bring down" any intelligent house. The scene can be made intelligible thus:

Monsieur Perrin—[A Notary and a scoundrel, who, having claims against the House of *Beaurepaire*, consents to relinquish them upon one condition only—the gift of the heiresses' hand.]

Madame, the Baroness Beaurepaire.

Mademoiselle Josephine Beaurepaire.

"Monsieur Perrin, the notary is below and would speak to madam," said Jacintha at the door.

"Ah! I remember—away with our tears my friends: here comes one who would not understand them. He would say, 'what, have they all the toothache at once in this house?'"

St. Aubin, after the first compliments, retired; and the notary, the baroness and Josephine seated themselves in a triangle.

He began by confessing to them that he had not overcome the refractory creditor without much trouble; and that he had since learned there was another, a larger creditor likely to press for payment or for sale of the estate. The baroness was greatly agitated by this communication; the notary remained cool as a cucumber and keenly observant.

"Bonard," said he, "has put this into their heads: otherwise I believe they never would have thought of it."

He went on to say all this had caused him grave reflections.

"It seems," said he with cool candor, "a sad pity that the estate should pass from a family that has held it since the days of Charlemagne."

"Now, God forbid!" cried the baroness, lifting her eyes and her quivering hands to heaven.

Now the notary held the Republican creed in all its branches.

"Providence, madam, does not interfere in matters of business," said he.—"Nothing but money can save the estate. Let us then look at things *saids*. Has any means occurred to you of raising money to pay off these incumbrances?"

"No. What means can there be?—The estate is mortgaged to its full value, so they all say."

"And they say true!" put in the notary quickly.

"There is no hope."

"Do not distress yourself madam: I am here!"

"Ah, my good friend, may Heaven reward you."

"Madam, up to the present time I have no complaint to make of this same Heaven. By the bye, permit me to show you that I am on the rise: here, mademoiselle, is a grim-crack they have given me:" and he unbuttoned his overcoat, and showed them a piece of tri-colored riband and a clasp. "As for me, I look to the solid—I care little for these things," said he, secretly bursting with gratified vanity: "but the world is dazzled by them. However, I can show you something better." He took out a letter. "This is from the Minister of the Interior to a client of mine: it amounts to a promise I shall be the next prefect, and the present prefect—I am happy to say—is on his death bed. Thus, madam, your humble servant in a few short months will be notary no longer, but prefect; I shall then sell my office of notary; it is worth one hundred thousand francs; and I flatter myself when I am a prefect you will not blush to own me."

"Then as now, monsieur," said the baroness politely, "we shall recognize your merit. But——"

"I understand, madam: like me you look to what is solid. Thus then it is: I have money."

"Ah! all the better for you."

"I have a good deal of money. But it is dispersed in a great many small though profitable investments. Now, to call it in suddenly would entail some loss."

"I do not doubt it."

"Never mind, madam; if you and my young lady there have ever so little of that friendly feeling towards me, of which I have so much towards you, all my investments shall be called in. Six months will do it: two-thirds of your creditors shall be paid off at once. A single party on whom I can depend, one of my clients, who dares not quarrel with me, will advance the remaining third; and so the estate will be safe. In another six months even that diminished debt shall be liquidated, and Beaurepaire chateau, park, estate, and grounds, down to the old oak tree, shall be as free as air; and no power shall alienate them from you mademoiselle, and from the heirs of your body."

The baroness clasped her hands in ecstasy.

"But what are we to do for this monsieur?" inquired Josephine calmly, "for it seems to me that it can only be effected by great sacrifices on your part."

"I thank you, mademoiselle, for your penetration in seeing that I must make

sacrifices. I would never have told you, but you have seen it—and I do not regret that you have seen it. Madam, mademoiselle, those sacrifices appear little to me—will seem nothing—will never be mentioned, or even alluded to after this day, if you, on your part, will lay me under a far heavier obligation—if, in short;" here the contemner of things unsubstantial re-opened his coat, and brought his riband to light again—"if you, madam, WILL ACCEPT ME FOR YOUR SON-IN-LAW; IF YOU, MADEMOISELLE, WILL TAKE ME FOR YOUR HUSBAND!"

The baroness and her daughter looked at one another in silence.

"Is it a jest?" inquired the former of the latter.

"Can you think so, my mother? Answer Monsieur Perrin. Above all, my mother, remember he has just done us a kind office."

"I shall remember it. Monsieur, permit me to regret that having lately won our gratitude and esteem, you have taken this way of modifying those feelings. But after all," she added with gentle courtesy, "we may well put your good deeds against this—this error in judgment.—The balance is in your favor still, provided you never return to this topic. Come, is it agreed?"

The baroness' manner was full of tact, and the latter sentences were said with an open kindness of manner.

There was nothing to prevent Perrin from dropping the subject and remaining good friends. A gentleman or a lover would have so done.

Monsieur Perrin was neither. He said in rather a threatening tone—"You refuse me then madam!!"

The tone and the words were each, singly, too much for the baroness' pride. She answered coldly but civilly—

"I do not refuse you. I cannot take an affront into consideration."

"Be calm, my mother," said Josephine; "no affront was intended."

"Ah! here is one that is more reasonable," cried Perrin.

"There are men," continued Josephine without noticing him, "who look to but one thing, interest. It was an offer made politely in the way of business; decline it in the same spirit my mother; that is what you have to do."

"Monsieur, you hear what mademoiselle says?"

"I am not deaf madam."

"She carries politeness a long way. After all it is a good fault. Well, monsieur, I need not answer you since Mademoiselle de Beaurepaire has answered you; but I detain you no longer."

Strictly a weasel has no business with the temper of a tiger, but this one had, and the long vindictiveness of a Corsican.

"Ah! my little lady, you turn me out of the house do you?" cried he grinding his teeth.

"Turn him out of the house! what a phrase! My daughter where has this man lived?"

"To the devil with phrases. You turn me out! A man my little ladies whom none ever yet insulted without repenting it, and repenting in vain. You are under obligations to me, and you think to turn me out! You are at my mercy, and you think I will let you turn me to your door! Say again to me, either with or without phrases, '*Sortez!*' and by all the devils, in less than a month I will stand here, here, here, and say to you '*Sortez!*'"

"Ah!—*mon Dieu! mon Dieu!*"

"I will say Beaurepaire is mine! Begone from it!"

When he uttered these terrible words, each of which was a blow with a bludgeon to the baroness, the old lady, whose courage was not equal to her spirit, shrank over the side of her arm chair and cried piteously—"He threatens me! he threatens me! I am frightened!" and put up her trembling hands, so suggestive was the notary's eloquence of physical violence. Then his brutality received an unexpected check. Imagine that a sparrow hawk had seized a trembling pigeon, and that a royal falcon swooped, and with one lightning-like stroke of body and wing, buffeted him away, and there he was on his back, gaping and glaring and grasping at nothing with his claws. So swift and irresistible, but far more terrible and majestic, Josephine de Beaurepaire came from her chair with one gesture of her body between her mother and the notary, who was advancing on her with arms folded in a brutal menacing way—not the Josephine we have seen her, the calm languid beauty, but the *Demoiselle de Beaurepaire*—her great heart on fire—her blood up—not her own only, but all the blood of all the De Beaurepaires—pale as ashes with great wrath, her purple eyes flaring, and her whole panther-like body ready either to spring or strike.

"Slave! you dare to insult her, and before me! *Arrière miserable!*" or I soil my hand with your face!" And her hand was up with the word, up, up, higher it seemed than ever a hand was lifted before. And if he had hesitated one moment, I believe it would have come down:

and if it had he would have gone to her feet before it: not under its weight—the lightning is not heavy—but under the soul that would have struck with it: but there was no need: the towering threat and the flaming eye and the swift rush buffeted the caiff away: he recoiled three steps and nearly fell down. She followed him as he went, strong in that moment as Hercules, beautiful and terrible as Michael driving Satan. He dared not, or rather he could not stand before her: he writhed and cowered and recoiled all down the room, while she marched upon him. Then the driven serpent hissed as it wriggled away.

"For all this she too shall be turned out of Beaurepaire, not like me, but for ever. I swear it, *parole de Perrin.*"

"She shall never be turned out. I swear it, *foi de De Beaurepaire.*"

"You too, daughter of Sa—"

"*Tais toi, et sors à l'instant même—LACHE!*"†

"The old lady moaning and trembling and all but fainting in her chair: the young noble, like a destroying angel, hand in air, and great eye scorching and withering; and the caiff wriggling out at the door, wincing with body and head, his knees knocking, his heart panting yet raging, his teeth gnashing, his cheek livid, his eye gleaming with the fire of hell."

Unprotected Females in Norway; Or, the pleasantest way of traveling there, Passing through Denmark and Sweden, with Scandinavian Sketches from Nature. G. Routledge & Co., London. 1857.

Several books have, of late, been written upon Norway, but the one before us is decidedly the pleasantest and most readable that we have seen. The author is a lady who, with a single companion of her own sex, made the "grand tour" of Sweden, Norway and Denmark. She says, "We two ladies having gone before, show how practicable the journey must be, though we have found that ladies *ALONE*, (a notable discovery, and one worth recording,) get on in traveling much better than with gentlemen: they set about things in a quieter manner, and always (this is unquestionable!) *have their own way*; while men are sure to go into passions, and make rows, if things are not right immediately. Should ladies have no escort with them, then every one is so civil, and trying of what use they can be; while, when there is a gentleman of the party, no one thinks of in-

* "Back! wretch!"

† Hold your tongue! and begone this very moment, coward and slave!"

terfering, but all take it for granted they are well provided for."—p. 3.

Our brave ladies, who were so unnaturally happy without an escort, examined everything of the slightest interest in the three kingdoms, and have recorded their various experiences entertainingly, and of course, truthfully.

Into the domestic concerns of the Norwegians we are admitted *sans cérémonie*. They appear to be a sober, right-minded, honest and intelligent people, remarkable for *naïveté*, and ignorance of the world. They are, moreover, as inquisitive as the veriest Down-Easter, but their curiosity is never offensive. Our travelers were domesticated for a time in several Norwegian families. The following little episode is touchingly told:

"The elder sister of the family with which we were staying, had been in delicate health, and went in early summer to the German spas with relations, in hopes of recovery; she was now expected back; her sisters were all anxiety, palpitating between hope and fear. The evening of her arrival, we walked through the wood to meet the carriage sent for her to Moss, where the Hamburg steamer touches. Here I must pause to admire the sensible dress of my Norwegian companions, for woody country walks; thick leather boots deep over the ankles, short spun dresses, not tucked up, and standing out in all directions, and hats which really shaded the face, made altogether as comfortable and pretty a costume as any young lady could be sketched in. The sound of wheels was soon heard; the sisters ran forward, and then fell back, turning deadly pale—the beloved, wished-for sister had returned, but so changed they could hardly say, "It is she." With floods of tears they threw themselves into our arms, while the most collected one entered the carriage and drove home to prepare their father, who, being a most affectionate parent, would suffer keenly. Yet he summoned resolution to carry his sweet daughter (who from tenderness had concealed her dying state) into that room which she was never to leave till consumption bore her down to the grave. The ingenuous grief of the family was the most touching thing. With any other strangers we should have felt quite intruders. Here it was different; the affection and confidence with which guests are regarded, made them cling to us and pour out all their hearts, only asking the comfort of sympathy,—the primitiveness of the nation pervading their very sorrows.

Without going to Norway, it is impossible almost to give an idea of the ten-

derness of the hospitality, and the delicate attentions of every moment. If I brought down any needle-work, and it looked hard or rough, one of the young ladies seized it and did it herself. With their own fair hands they kept our clothes in order, and anything crumpled, or left about, would be found nicely ironed and put aside. Our word was law, without its appearing so, and what interested us interested them. We exchanged souvenirs; our remaining little embellishments were parted with most cheerfully; and after having packed up three times, they as often refusing to allow any carriage of theirs to convey us away, and begging us to stay the winter, we left with the same words on leaving, which they say was our first on arriving,—*"Beautiful Naes."* Yes, beautiful, in simplicity and refinement without affectation. The word *beautiful* was quite a laugh of theirs against us; they said we used it to everything, and on first hearing it had run to their father for the translation, and were delighted to find it so satisfactory. With this visit closed also our Norwegian travels; but a few miles lay between us and Swinesund, the meeting of Norway and Sweden; there the steamer ran up twice a week. The trees we had left in all their summer beauty were now brilliant in autumn decay, soon to be turned to the deathlike hue of winter.

Farewell, grand country, where real religion practically reigns, with smaller show of outward state than in any other land! This was our last reflection on leaving Norway."

The Two Merchants, or Solvent and Insolvent, (2d Edition.) By T. S. Arthur. J. B. Peterson: Philadelphia.

The rapidity with which T. S. Arthur puts forth from the press such tales as the present, is very astonishing. He is eminently a ready writer. His style is clear and simple, his plots (when he resorts to plots at all) rather shallow, and his moral inculcations unexceptionable. This is absolutely all that we can say in favour of Mr. Arthur. His fancy is tame, and of imagination he has not the slightest spark. There is a lamentable lack of nerve, energy and passion in all he writes. His heroes are the same young men who rise by means of the exercise of *prudence* to wealth, or rich young men, who sink, by means of brandy and general bad behaviour, to the poor house. This sort of writing does very well occasionally, but it cannot

be denied that a bookcase of works like the "Two Merchants," (which is neither better nor worse than the preceding half hundred of Mr. Arthur's productions,) is calculated to stir the bile of the best natured critic on earth. We must do Mr. Arthur the justice, however, to say, that he edits one of the best weeklies in the country, the only heavy reading in which (we say it with no desire to be hypercritical,) are his own stories.

City Poems.—By Alexander Smith, Author of "A Life Drama and other Poems." Ticknor & Fields: Boston.

It is Mr. Smith's misfortune that his first book should have won for him a large but somewhat doubtful reputation. Nothing could more signally have proved the incompetency of the critics—so far as their comprehension of *poetry* is concerned—than the manner in which the "Life Drama" was generally received amongst them.

That they should have ventured to predicate from *such* a production, the rise of "a great Poet," the "Poet of the Age," &c., only shows their own weakness of insight, and lamentable lack of broad, healthy perceptions. It was predicted that Mr. Smith's *second* publication would more than confirm the extravagant praises lavished upon his *first*.

Well! this publication is now before us, and what has been its reception? Lukewarm, if not cold. The critics—as is their wont—have gone from one absurd extreme to another quite as absurd. Vexed by a late recognition of their previous folly, they seem disposed, most unjustly, to vent their spleen upon the luckless Alexander, by damning with faint commendation, one who, by their own showing, ought at this time to occupy the very summit of Parnassus. But this, as Jeffrey said of Wordsworth's Excursion, "this will never do." Because Mr. Smith is not, and never can be a *great Poet*, shall we, in complacency to his critics, adopt the conclusion that he is no Poet at all? Sorry are we to believe that nine tenths of our readers would approve of such a concession. Nevertheless they are wrong. Upon this point we shall quote some sensible remarks of Leigh Hunt, contained in the "Introductory Letter" to the edition of his works reviewed in the present number.

"Between the greatest Epicurean. Tragic inspiration, and the lightest effusions of wit, there is unquestionably—let one sided critics assert what they will, for they never venture to argue the point—a multitude of degrees and classes of

Art, descending through every species of emotion, grave and gay, all of which emanate from greater or less qualifications for being sung, or recited—that is to say, for utterance in verse, and all, therefore, possess a right to that title of poetry for which they maintain constant acceptance in the world. Had not this been the case, Anacreons would never have lasted as long as Homers. Horace, who was one of his own mediocrits as regards imagination, would have disappeared with this class of Poets before the star of Virgil; Ariosto would have been extinguished by Dante; the "Rape of the Lock" by "Paradise Lost," and acacias and roses themselves, on the like principle, ought to have been frowned into nothing by the overshadowings of the oak and the pine. A solemn, subtle, and transcendental world we might have had of it, but none of its inimitable charms *besides*. Claudes and Watteaus, by the same rule, must have come to nothing, because of Titians and Raphaels; Corellis because of Beethovens; and a thousand loves and graces of females vanished before the renown of Sappho, and the tremendous coming of Madame De Staël."

Here is the argument ingeniously compressed, (and to our mind unanswerable,) which should confound and silence the unreasonable critics who acknowledge no middle ground between the low fen-lands of the *Actual*, and the "empyrean regions" of *Imaginative Art*.

Alexander Smith occupies emphatically this middle ground. He possesses but few of the gifts which belong to the constitution of first class Poets. In the constructive faculty, for example, he is deficient. His stories are subjective, and almost wholly bare of incident. He could not build up an Epic, nor compose a Drama true at once to Life and to Art. Nor do we believe that Mr. Smith will ever attempt so chimerical a task. His present book displays considerable self-knowledge, is superior to "The Life Drama," because more chastened in tone; and while it proves that the author is *not* a *great*, shows that he is at least a *true Poet*. He places a strong curb upon his too restless Fancy, is far less diffuse, and some may think less brilliant; but in aiming at "totality of impression," to the destruction of all subordinate conceits and metaphors, however ingenious, Mr. Smith demonstrates the healthful growth of his artistic insight, and will doubtless be rewarded by the applause of the judicious few, whatever may be his reception among his former ardent admirers—the *injudicious* many.